75¢
JAN. 15

# VOGUE®

LOOK MARVELLOUS RIGHT NOW... 60 GREAT FASHIONS
ALL IN U.S. FABRICS

THE NEW FEMININITY
WHAT IT IS...WHAT IT ISN'T...
WHAT IT MEANS TO YOU

TRUMAN CAPOTE'S PARTY IN COLOUR

JEAN SHRIMPTON IN "THE SHRIMP AT SEA"

BEAUTY NEWS: HOW MUCH CURL IS THE RIGHT AMOUNT OF CURL



Actionwear

Monsanto

# Come now, isn't this better than flying in a plain?

We don't care if you're winging 3000 miles or taxi-ing 3½ blocks. If there's anything boring going on, let it be something other than your clothes.

That's why a Wilroy Traveler® is so important. It makes you look, if you'll pardon the expression, downright sexy. Because it curves where you do.

With Wilroy you can carry a complete wardrobe and still not pay overweight charges.

| | |
|---|---|
| THREE WILROY DRESSES | 12 OZ. |
| ONE WILROY LONG EVENING DRESS | 5 OZ. |
| ONE WILROY SWIMSUIT | 6 OZ. |
| ONE PAIR OF WILROY PANTS | 8 OZ. |
| TWO WILROY PANT TOPS | 4 OZ. |
| | 35 OZ. |

That's all of two pounds which leaves you plenty of leeway for all your other female addenda. And lots of souvenirs.

With Wilroy you don't need the name of a good cleaner. If you can turn on the tap and float a few suds in it, that'll do. Because this Ban-Lon® Wilroy is easily washable. That means it dries in about the time it takes you to bathe, do up your hair and put on a new face. What's more, it's not partial to wrinkles because of Blue C® nylon. So you'll look unrumpled even if you've been contorting this way and that in an airplane seat for five hours.

Wilroy is an every-kind-of-weather weight. Meaning you don't have to pack different things for hot and cold places.

Wilroy is what you want when you're off to see the world. And want the world to see you. And unless your dress is called Wilroy, your dress is just a plain.

*This Wilroy Traveler® in sizes 6 to 16, about $36. To own it, take a trip to Lord & Taylor, New York and branches; Filene's, Boston and branches; Jordan Marsh, Florida; Sakowitz, Houston; Carson, Pirie Scott & Co., Chicago; Neusteter Co., Denver; Bullock's all stores, and other fine stores everywhere.*

*Wilroy, Inc., 498 Seventh Avenue, New York 10018*

# The Wilroy (Ban-Lon®) Traveler®




*as expressed by Bill Blass for Maurice Rentner*

When it's this crisp, this trim, this sprightly, what could it be but cotton! Cotton piqué. Here is the perfect tailleur. Sculptured, brisk, unadorned save for its own exciting surface interest. *National Cotton Council, Box 12285, Memphis, Tennessee 38112.*

COMFORTABLE · CAREFREE COTTON

JANUARY 15, 1967

INCORPORATING VANITY FAIR

# VOGUE

AMERICAN BRITISH FRENCH ITALIAN AUSTRALIAN NEW ZEALAND

I. S. V.-PATCÉVITCH, President
Alexander Liberman, Editorial Director



PENN

COVER: Baby dress in bright enamel blue edged in white wickets—gathered on a drawstring at the high yoke, swinging short and free. Dress by David Crystal of Avisco rayon and silk (Dial Fabrics). About $35. At Altman's; Woodward & Lothrop; Jordan Marsh, Florida; Higbee; Dayton's; Hudson's; Harzfeld's; Montaldo's; Sakowitz. For shops in other cities, see page 32. Tiffany pin.
The thick, shining mass of hair: custom-coloured by Roux—a blend of Plush Brown and Frivolous Fawn Fanci-Tone Creme Tint—comes up Ardent Amber. Coiffure—with its new turn of curl for day—by Kenneth.

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Vol. 149, No. 2, Whole No. 2172

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VOGUE INCORPORATING VANITY FAIR IS PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY, EXCEPT FOR THE MONTHS OF MAY, JUNE, JULY, AND DECEMBER, WHEN IT IS PUBLISHED MONTHLY, BY THE CONDÉ NAST PUBLICATIONS INC., 420 LEXINGTON AVENUE, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10017. SECOND CLASS POSTAGE PAID AT NEW YORK, N.Y., AND AT ADDITIONAL MAILING OFFICES. SUBSCRIPTIONS: IN U. S. AND POSSESSIONS, $10 FOR ONE YEAR, $17 FOR TWO YEARS, $22 FOR THREE YEARS. IN CANADA, $11 FOR ONE YEAR, $19 FOR TWO YEARS, $25 FOR THREE YEARS. ELSEWHERE, $15 FOR ONE YEAR, PAYABLE IN ADVANCE. SINGLE COPIES IN U. S. AND CANADA, 75¢. SIX WEEKS ARE REQUIRED FOR CHANGE OF ADDRESS. IN ORDERING A CHANGE, WRITE TO VOGUE, BOULDER, COLORADO 80302. GIVE BOTH NEW AND OLD ADDRESS AS PRINTED ON LAST LABEL.
**Postmaster: Send Form 3579 to Vogue, Boulder, Colorado 80302**

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Managing Editor: ROSEMARY BLACKMON
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Fashion Editors: BABS SIMPSON CATHERINE DI MONTEZEMOLO NICOLAS DE GUNZBURG GLORIA SCHIFF CARRIE DONOVAN POLLY ALLEN MELLEN CATERINE MILINAIRE KATHRYNE HAYS Shoes and Stockings MARGARET INGERSOLL Fabrics JOYCE MACRAE Fabrics Associate DOROTHEA MCKENNA Foundations, Lingerie KARIN-MARIA WINKELHORN Accessories VIRGINIA HARLOW Millinery
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Contributing Editors: CECIL BEATON FRANCOIS NOURISSIER MARY KRUMING TATIANA MCKENNA Food DOROTHEA WALKER SHEILA DE ROCHAMBEAU
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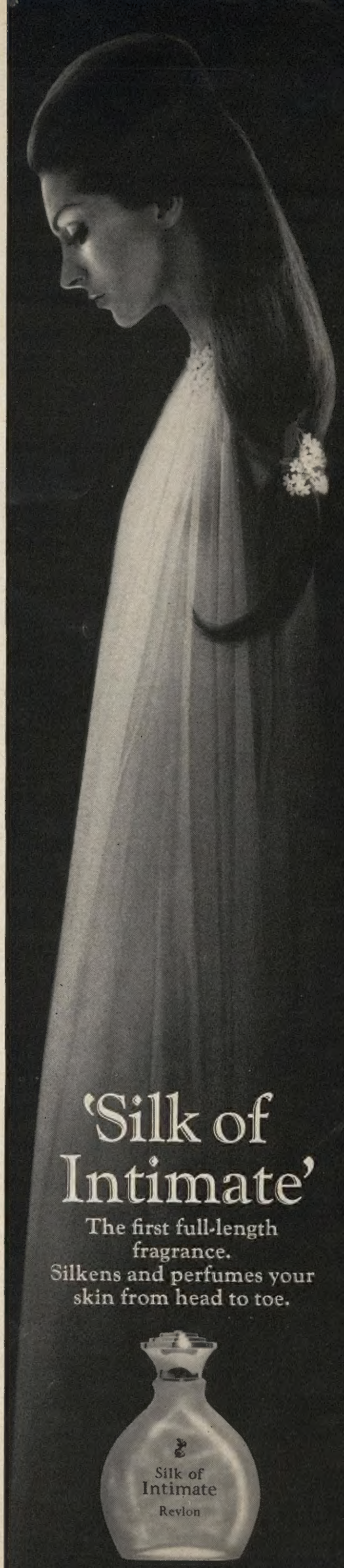
Publisher: S. I. NEWHOUSE, JR.
Executive Editor: MARY JANE POOL
Promotion Director: MAUREEN FOUNTAIN
Fashion Promotion: CAROL HARVEY ROBERT WALKER
Fashion Merchandising: EDIE BEESON SMITH Editor MARNIE HUTCHINSON
Fashion Credits: ROSAMOND BELT
Fashion Marketing Editors: BARBARA MCKIBBIN NADINE BERTIN STEARNS
Public Relations Director: GLORIA LISTER
Advertising Director: RICHARD A. SHORTWAY
Advertising Manager: ROBERT E. YOST
Eastern Advertising Manager: JOHN RODNEY
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BRANCH OFFICES
Statler Building, Boston, Mass. 02116 Robert Brennecke, Mgr.
65 East South Water Street, Chicago, Ill. 60601 Donald H. Koehler, Mgr.
3921 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles, Cal. 90005 John Brunelle, Mgr.

BRITISH VOGUE
Vogue House, Hanover Square, London, W. 1
FRENCH VOGUE
4 Place du Palais-Bourbon, Paris 7
AUSTRALIAN VOGUE
49 Clarence Street, Sydney
ITALIAN VOGUE
Piazza Castello 27, Milan

International Executive Editor: MILDRED MORTON GILBERT

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**B. H. Wragge's perfectly pared little dress. Inspired by bubble pique woven only by**

Galey & Lord

Burlington



FOR NEAREST STORE, WRITE GALEY & LORD, 1407 B'WAY., N.Y. 10018 A DIV. OF BURLINGTON IND.

VERY *Saks Fifth Avenue*



Our exclusive THOROUGHBRED —a chiffon-scarved shell riding over a camisoled skirt.
In orange wool gabardine, 6 to 14 sizes, $145.
Sportdress Collections.

# ARNEL is if you doze off in a steamer chair you're glad you're wearing it because it won't be all crinkled when you wake up.





**Mr. Dino** hand printed a duo in Stretchnit's double knit of textured Arnel triacetate. Just hand wash, drip dry and iron if necessary. There is only one Arnel. Top in green or gold print. Celanese Nylon stretch pants in white with matching border. 8 to 18. About $40*. Double-knit Arnel shift, about $35*. At Lord & Taylor, New York; Burdine's, Miami; Jacobson's of Michigan; May Co., Los Angeles; Woodward & Lothrop, Washington, D.C.

Celanese® Arnel® *Slightly higher on West Coast.

CELANESE ARNEL
Add a fiber from Celanese and good things get better.

VERY *Saks Fifth Avenue*



Our deep-sleeved, panel-pocket dress of wool gabardine—pure understatement in apple green, silver grey or orange ice, $125. Dress Collections.



Marchesa di Grésy

knit designed

exclusively for us.

Diagonally ribbed wool

coatdress from Italy

photographed at the pool

aboard a luxury liner of the

American President Lines

I. MAGNIN & CO

SAN FRANCISCO, OAKLAND, PALO ALTO, SANTA CLARA, SAN MATEO, CARMEL, FRESNO, SACRAMENTO, PORTLAND, SEATTLE, LOS ANGELES, BEVERLY HILLS, PASADENA, SAN FERNANDO VALLEY, SANTA BARBARA, SANTA ANA, LA JOLLA, PHOENIX



our own Stella

selects silk . . . crisp faille

shantung from France

in a sun-drenched floral.

Made to order, and perfect for

private parties at home

or as shown here

in the Magellan suite of the

**SS President Wilson**

# I. MAGNIN & CO

AMERICAN PRESIDENT LINES

SAN FRANCISCO
LOS ANGELES
ACAPULCO
BALBOA
CRISTOBAL
CARTAGENA
PORT EVERGLADES
KINGSTON
NEW YORK

...The Caribbean...the USA...round the world



Jean Louis

designs in silk

exclusively for us.

Double breasted coat over

a dress with pleated

chiffon skirt in

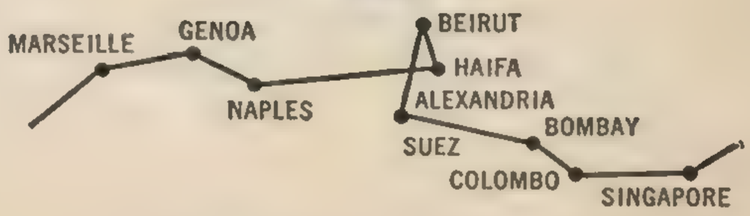
companion dots . . . ready

to go ashore from the

SS President Cleveland

I. MAGNIN & CO

AMERICAN PRESIDENT LINES




. . . the Middle East . . . Europe . . . Africa



Gustave Tassell, the imaginative young
Californian, designs in silk
exclusively for us. Exotic paisley dress and coat
for champagne evenings at sea on the
**American President Lines**

I. MAGNIN & CO

SAN FRANCISCO, OAKLAND, PALO ALTO, SANTA CLARA, SAN MATEO, CARMEL, FRESNO, SACRAMENTO, PORTLAND, SEATTLE, LOS ANGELES, BEVERLY HILLS, PASADENA, SAN FERNANDO VALLEY, SANTA BARBARA, SANTA ANA, LA JOLLA, PHOENIX



Modèle I. Magninique . . . our own exclusive design in silk. Shadow plaid tweed dress with its own matching jacket embarks on an Orient cruise of the **American President Lines**

I. MAGNIN & CO

SAN FRANCISCO, OAKLAND, PALO ALTO, SANTA CLARA, SAN MATEO, CARMEL, FRESNO, SACRAMENTO, PORTLAND, SEATTLE, LOS ANGELES, BEVERLY HILLS, PASADENA, SAN FERNANDO VALLEY, SANTA BARBARA, SANTA ANA, LA JOLLA, PHOENIX

Richard Tam designs

in silk exclusively

for I. Magnin.

A long sinuous chiffon

float lighted by a

galaxy of glitter . . .

at the captain's side during

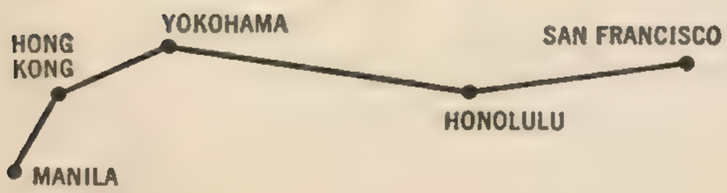
a shipboard party on the

**SS President Roosevelt**

# I. MAGNIN & CO



AMERICAN PRESIDENT LINES




Fashions seen along APL routes to the Orient...




Pointedly designed to make the most of *you* in
An eloquently assertive double-breasted jacket over ingeniously front-seamed
Turquoise, Citric Yellow, Walnut Brown, Orange, Navy, Zippy Green, White. Sizes 8-16.
about forty dollars. Christenfeld, Inc., 1407 Broadway, N.Y.; or Christenfeld of
At Frederick & Nelson, Seattle; Gimbel's, Phila.; Hecht Co., Wash., D.C.; Jordan Marsh, Boston;
Oklahoma City, Kansas City, Mo.; Sakowitz, Houston; Titche-Goettinger Co.,

**HOFFMAN CALIFORNIA FABRIC** "Chris-Cloth."
slant-back trousers. Available in: Vibrant Violet,
Pantsuit about thirty dollars; 3 piece skirt/pantsuit
California, 110 East 9th Street, Los Angeles.
Marshall Field & Co., Chicago; Rothschild's,
Dallas; and other leading stores.

# If clothes make a man, think what they can do for you



# NOTHING EVER SAID NEW SO BEAUTIFULLY...OR CADILLAC SO WELL.

*This is the long awaited Eldorado—as individual as the motorist for whom it was originated. Eldorado is the first car in the world to combine the precision of front wheel drive with the disciplined maneuverability of variable ratio power steering and the balance of automatic level control. The luxurious interior, with its unobstructed floor, provides full five-passenger spaciousness. Eldorado is a totally new concept in luxury motoring—a personal motor car that must be seen to be believed and driven to be appreciated. Shouldn't you meet Eldorado soon?*

GM
MARK OF EXCELLENCE

Cadillac Motor Car Division

*Fleetwood* ELDORADO *by Cadillac*
WORLD'S FINEST PERSONAL CAR



Come what may, a woman has to live with her hands.

# Tritle's smooths the way.

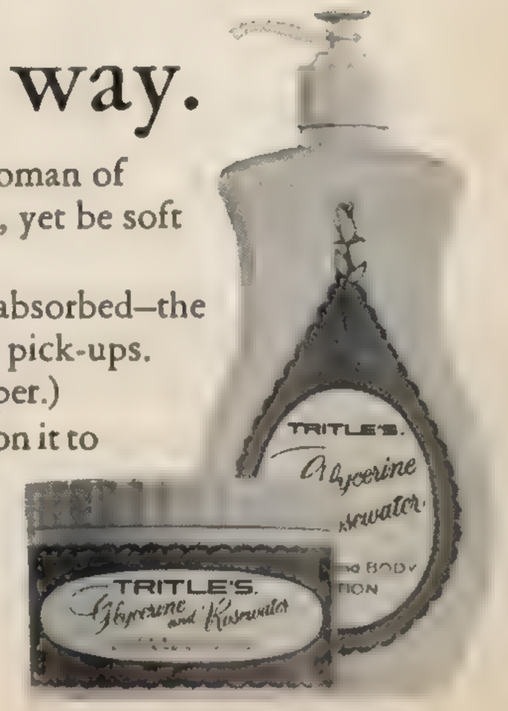
Tritle's® Glycerine & Rosewater is just right for the woman of any age whose hands must take punishment one minute, yet be soft and inviting the next.

Because it contains no oil or grease, Tritle's is readily absorbed—the perfect way to give your daytime hands quick moisture pick-ups. (Secretaries: Even wet, Tritle's won't smudge typing paper.)

Yet Tritle's is so rich in pure glycerine you can depend on it to work all night when applied to elbows, knees and heels. Penetrating. Moisturizing. Softening. Smoothing.

In satin-white hand cream, or hand-and-body lotion at drug and department stores everywhere.

## Tritle's Glycerine & Rosewater




Tritle Laboratories, Burien, Washington

ONLY SILK IS SILK

Silk floats, clings, drapes, reveals, shapes, frees. Only Silk is Silk. The gowns at all Saks Fifth Avenue stores.

International Silk Association, 185 Madison Avenue, New York, New York 10016

# CAMARO

## *A new collection by David Crystal and Chevrolet*

Here, the year's most unpedestrian approach to fashion: the David Crystal-created, Camaro-inspired dress collection—now available at the finest stores throughout the country. You know, of course, what a David Crystal is and why a modern woman Crystal-gazes: to see in her future a look of casual, chic and understated elegance. But what's a Camaro? For one thing, it's Chevrolet's latest car. And for another . . . well, see for yourself!

***WHEN FASHION TAKES A YOU-TURN,*** **don't look for a ticket, look for the tag. The one you'll find on Crystal's streamlined classic (below) brings you good news: it's a travel-happy DuPont Dacron® polyester double knit. In beige, yellow, aqua or black. Sizes 6-16. $40.00.***

*Center:* **Also very you-oriented is the Camaro SS 350, shown here in a Granada Gold color-coordinated custom interior. Notice the door handles that recess out of your way, and the deep-twist carpeting—even on the doors. Those tailored bucket seats come standard, along with the GM-developed energy-absorbing steering column and seat belts that retract into solid sleeves to keep them off the floor.**

*Right:* **This dazzling high-power print is of Bandolero®, a Ban-Lon® fashion of DuPont nylon. (The compression ratio of Bandolero® to weekend bag is great, incidentally!) Crystal makes this easy-going traveler in a predominantly pink or blue print. Sizes 8-18. $30.00.**



* Slightly Higher on the West Coast

® Registered



GM

MARK OF EXCELLENCE

***HIDE-AND-GO-SLEEK:*** *Below:* During the day, this Camaro Rally Sport Coupe in Marina Blue hides its headlights behind a broad, uncluttered sweep of black-grid grille. For evening, it displays two brilliant jewels. Beneath its wide-set tires you'll notice, as you drive, what seems to be a foam-lined satin ribbon. That's the road. All Camaros are designed to give this luxurious illusion—from the SS 350 down to the Camaro Sport Coupe (shown at left in Tahoe Turquoise and with style trim group).

*Left:* Take pockets full of posies, add a few more bouquets, and . . . voilà! . . . you're in David Crystal's imported cotton by Boussac of France. Crystal creates this triangular traffic-stopper in a lilac/white or yellow/white flower motif. Sizes 6-16. $30.00.

*Right:* An on-the-go Crystal with non-stop fashion power . . . a lithe, easy shaped rendition of the Camaro theme. This rayon and silk classic comes in absinthe, pink, orange or turquoise. Sizes 6-16. $25.00.*

* Slightly Higher on the West Coast



***YIELD RIGHT AWAY:*** (Below) There are three ways to give in to this nubby little Crystal knit. Wear it as shown . . . in white/navy . . . or in blue/white, or pink/white. Whichever you choose, it's Herdmans linen, and Arnel® triacetate knit. Sizes 10-20. $35.00.*

*Center:* Here, a Camaro Coupe SS 350 in Capri Cream shows off its contrasting stripe and louver-styled hood. Like all Camaros, this model is available in Chevrolet's full palette of colors and with a wide range of power conveniences to add to your driving pleasure. (Note, too, the contrasting bands of white vinyl insets on the seats.)

*Right:* This go-everywhere Crystal, in a racy, revved-up print, combines travel stamina and this-minute chic. Because it's of Arnel® triacetate jersey, it stays looking fresh, wrinkle-free and travel-right. Perfect for the woman on the go . . . in her Camaro, of course! Black, orange or lime, all with white. Sizes 6-16. $30.00.

® Registered * Slightly Higher on the West Coast

*David Crystal's Camaro Collection is available at the finest department and specialty stores throughout the country. See additional store listings in the back of the magazine.*

*Chevrolet's collection of Camaros is available at Chevrolet dealers' throughout the country.*

CHEVROLET


SS
350
Chevrolet
B Altman & Co
FIFTH AVENUE • WHITE PLAINS • MANHASSET
• SHORT HILLS • ST. DAVIDS, PA.
HIGBEE'S
CLEVELAND
Harzfeld's Petticoat Lane, Kansas City, Mo.
DAYTON'S OVAL ROOM
MINNEAPOLIS • ST. PAUL • ROCHESTER
HUDSON'S
DETROIT
MONTALDO'S
ALL STORES
Doop's
Sakowitz
HOUSTON
Woodward & Lothrop
Jordan Marsh
FLORIDA

## These fine stores are celebrating the David Crystal-Chevrolet Camaro portfolio of advertisements shown on pages 18-23 in this issue:

Abilene, Texas.....Grissom's
Abingdon, Va.....Maxine's
Ada, Okla.....The Clothes Corner
Akron, Ohio.....Birnbaum's
Albany, N. Y.....Casual Set
Albuquerque, New Mex.....Ardens
Alexandria, Va.
Woodward & Lothrop
Altoona, Pa.....Simmonds
Altus, Okla.....Sharon's
Americus, Ga.....A. Cohen & Sons
Anderson, Ind.....Gates
Anderson, S. C....The Vogue Shop
Annapolis, Md.
Woodward & Lothrop
Ann Arbor, Mich.....Hutzel's
Ardmore, Okla..Daube's Dept. Store
Ardmore, Pa.....Dorothy Bullitt
Asbury Park, N. J....Dainty Apparel
Asheville, N. C.....John Carroll
Ashland, Ky.....Delmar's Inc.
Ashland, Ohio
Casual Shop-Forecast, Inc.
Athens, Ohio.....Logan's
Atlanta, Ga.....Leon Frohsin
Auburn, N. Y.....Bramley's
Augusta, Ga..Punch Mulherin, Inc.
Baltimore, Md.....Miller Brothers
Bartlesville, Okla.....Montaldo's
Bay City, Mich.
Mary K. Dress Studio Inc.
Bennington, Vt...Vogue and Vanity
Berkeley, Calif..Bernice Dinwiddie
Beverly, Mass.....Lorraine Roy
Billings, Mont.....Aileen's
Binghamton, N. Y.....Drazens
Birmingham, Ala....Mamie Plunket
Birmingham, Mich.
Bloomfield Fashion Shop
Bismarck, N. D..The Alex-Ruth Shop
Bloomington, Ill.
Paul Anderson, Inc.
Bloomington, Ind..The Kings' Shop
Bluefield, W. Va...The Thornton Co.
Boise, Idaho.....Carroll's
Boulder Creek, Calif..M. C. Hempel
Bozeman, Mont.....Angionettes
Buffalo, N. Y.....Mabel Danahy
Butler, Pa.....The Vogue of Butler
Cambridge, Mass.
Gertrude Singer Inc.
Camillus Plaza, N. Y.
E. W. Edwards & Son
Cape Cod, Mass.....Ruth Lee, Inc.
Carmel, Calif.....Cinderella Shop
Casper, Wyo.....Blakey & Co.
Cedar Rapids, Iowa.....Martin's
Chambersburg, Pa..The Little Shop
Charleston, W. Va...The Vogue Inc.
Charles Town, W. Va.
Jo Ann Moler's
Charlotte, N. C.....Montaldo's
Charlottesville, Va.
Hazel Eastham, Inc.
Chestnut Hill, Pa...Dorothy Bullitt
Chevy Chase, Md.
Woodward & Lothrop
Cheyenne, Wyo.
National Furs and Fashion
Chicago, Ill.....Bramson
Chicago, Ill.....John T. Shayne
Chico, Calif.....M. Oser & Co.
Chillicothe, Ohio.....Tudor's
Cincinnati, Ohio.....Pogue's
Clarksburg, W. Va.....Broidas
Clarksburg, W. Va.
Watts-Sartor-Lear
Clarksville, Tenn.
McNeal & Edwards Co.
Claymont, Dela.....M. Thorngate
Clearwater, Fla.....Zacks
Cleveland, Ohio.....Higbee's
Colorado Springs, Colo...Gray Rose
Columbia, S. C.....Lisbeth Wolfe
Columbus, Miss.....Pryor's
Columbus, Ohio.....Montaldo's
Corona Del Mar, Calif....O'Brien's
Corsicana, Texas....J. M. Dyer Co.
Corvallis, Ore....The Clothes Tree
Cumberland, Md.....Peskin's
Dadeland, Fla.....Jordan Marsh
Danvers, Mass.....Lorraine Roy
Danville, Ill....Parisian Oscar Meis
Danville, Va.....Belk-Leggett Co.
Darien, Conn.....Inéz
Davenport, Iowa.....Abraham's
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Fort Myers, Fla....Elsa-Elaine Inc.
Fort Smith, Ark.....Cricket 211
Frederick, Md.....Haber & Co.
Fredericksburg, Va....Haber & Co.
Freeport, Ill.....Borchers, Inc.
Fremont, Ohio
Schmidt Hat and Gift Shop
Fresno, Calif.....Mona Lisa
Galesburg, Ill.....Fred Schubach
Gastonia, N.C...Matthews-Belk Co.
Glastonbury, Conn.
The Four Seasons
Glendale, Calif.....Judds
Gloucester, Mass.
Adasko Fashion Shop
Goshen, N. Y....The Clothes Horse
Graham, Texas.....Morrison's
Grand Haven, Mich.....The Abigail
Grand Rapids, Mich.
Alice Jane Dows
Grants Pass, Ore.....Hadley's
Green Bay, Wis.....Kohl's
Greenbrae, Calif.....Mademoiselle
Greensboro, N. C.....Montaldo's
Greenville, S. C..Halfacre-Osborne
Guilford, Conn.....Fred Phipps
Gulfgate, Texas.....Sakowitz
Hagerstown, Md.....Haber & Co.
Hanford, Calif.....Mirviss
Hanover, N. H.
Town & Country Shops
Harrisonburg, Va.
Jimmie's Dress Shop
Hartford, Conn.
Stackpole, Moore, Tryon Co.
Haverford, Pa.
Heckscher & Clement
Hazleton, Pa.....Catherines
Helena, Mont.....J. M. McDonald
Hibbing, Minn.
Nides Fashion Shoppe
Hickory, N. C.....Katies, Inc.
High Point, N. C..Collier Ellis & Co.
Holland, Mich.....Jeane's
Hot Springs, Ark.
Arlington Gown Shop
Houston, Texas.....Sakowitz
Hudson, Ohio.....The Gray Colt
Huntington, W. Va..Brown's Apparel
Indianapolis, Ind.
The Wm. H. Block Co.
Iowa City, Iowa..Frankels Fashions
Jackson, Miss.....Frances Pepper
Jacksonville, Fla.....Bolun's
Jamestown, N. Y.....Nord's Inc.
Jenkintown, Pa.....Dorothy Bullitt
Johnstown, Pa.....Brett's
Kalamazoo, Mich...Arden Holiday's
Kansas City, Mo.....Harzfeld's
Kent, Conn.....The Barn Shop
Killeen, Texas.....Clytie's
Knoxville, Tenn.....Peggy Cain
Knoxville, Tenn.
Polly Bergen Fashions
Lafayette, La.
Taylor's Fashion Center
La Grande, Ore.....Topshop
Laguna Beach, Calif...Town 'n Surf
Lake City, Fla.....Bruce Clothing
Lake San Marcos, Calif....Ev-Lyn's
Lakewood, Calif.....Bullock's
Landmark, Va..Woodward & Lothrop
Lansing, Mich.....The Style Shop
Las Cruces, N. Mex.....Geor Jess
Laurel, Miss.....Naomi McRae
Lawton, Okla.....Parisian
Leominster, Mass...Ruth Lee, Inc.
Lexington, Ky.....Meyers
Lexington, Mo....Connor-Wagoner
Ligonier, Pa.....Post & Rail Inc.
Lima, Ohio.....Abraham's
Lincoln, Neb.....Hovland-Swanson
Logan, W. Va.....Peery's
Long Beach, Calif.....Schick's
Louisville, Ky.....Hytken's
Lynchburg, Va.....Stork's Inc.
Lynn, Mass.....Vogue Apparel
Lynnfield, Mass.....Lorraine Roy
Macon, Ga.....Stephen's
Madison, Wis..Mac Neil and Moore
Manhasset, N. Y...B. Altman & Co.
Manhattan, Kans..Woodward's Inc.
Marblehead, Mass....Lorraine Roy
Marietta, Ohio.....Bonham's
Martinsburg, W. Va.
M. Cohen & Son
Marysville, Calif.....Bradley's
Mayfair, Wis...Mac Neil and Moore
McAllen, Texas..Ladies Supply Inc.
Medford, Ore.....Jean Hart, Inc.
Memphis, Tenn..Minor-Francis, Inc.
Menlo Park, Calif..The Surrey Shop
Merle Hay, Iowa.....Wolf's
Mexico, Mo.....Connor-Wagoner
Miami, Fla.....Jordan Marsh
Michigan City, Ind.....Ohming's
Milford, Dela.....Emanuel's
Millburn, N. J.....Morris's
Milwaukee, Wis.
Mac Neil and Moore
Minneapolis, Minn.
Dayton's Oval Room®
Mobile, Ala.....Raphael's
Modesto, Calif.....Lee's Apparel
Monroe, La.....The Woman's Shop
Montclair, N. J.
Flair of Montclair, Inc.
Montgomery, Ala.....Alex Rice
Moorhead, Minn.....O'Meara's
Morgantown, W. Va.....Finn's
Mount Airy, N. C.....Harrison's
Mount Vernon, Wash.
Anne Richards Inc.
Napa, Calif.....Rosee
Nashua, N. H.....Avard's Inc.
Nashville, Tenn.....Grace's Shop
New Brunswick, N. J.
Zarra Dress Shop
Newburgh, N. Y....Johnson & Hare
New Canaan, Conn.....Cherida
New Castle, Pa....The Little Shop
New Haven, Conn.....Fred Phipps
New Orleans, La.....Kreeger's
Newport, Ore.....The Town Shop
Newport, R. I.....Yankee Trader
New York City, N. Y.
B. Altman & Co.
Niles, Mich.....Worth's
Norfolk, Va.....Sarah Cohen, Inc.
Norristown, Pa.....Feder's
Nyack, N. Y.....Blue Bird Shop
Oak Park, Ill.
Wm. Y. Gilmore & Sons
Ocala, Fla.....Blocker's
Odessa, Texas.....Bateman's
Oklahoma City, Okla.....Jerome's
Olney, Ill.....La Ruth Shop
Omaha, Neb.....Topp's
Orangeburg, S. C.
The Maude L. Bryant Dress Shop
Orlando, Fla.....Jordan Marsh
Oshkosh, Wis.
Gertrude's Town Shop
Painted Post, N. Y.
Mary Kirkland Shoppe
Palm Springs, Calif.....Bullock's
Park Ridge, Ill.....The Park Shop
Pasadena, Texas
Ella Pryor Fashions, Inc.
Pasco, Wash.....Carl's
Pendleton, Ore...The Frances Shop
Phoenix, Ariz.....Muriel Ross
Pittsburgh, Pa.....Ruth Young
Plainfield, N. J.....Tepper's
Pompano Beach, Fla.
Nancy Packard Gowns
Ponca City, Okla.....French's
Port Angeles, Wash.
Hankin's Fashion Center
Port Arthur, Texas
Maurice Born, Inc.
Portland, Ore.
Best's Apparel-Nicholas Ungar
Post Oak, Texas.....Sakowitz
Poughkeepsie, N. Y.
Mannequin, Inc.
Prince Georges Plaza, Md.
Woodward & Lothrop
Providence, R. I..Dorothy Williams
Quincy, Mass.....Anne Starr
Racine, Wis.....Murray-Held
Raleigh, N. C.....Ellisberg's
Redding, Calif.....Battie Turner
Reno, Nev.....Menards, Ltd.
Richland, N. J.....The Liguorian
Richmond, Ind.....Palais Royal
Richmond, Va.....Montaldo's
Ridgway, Pa...Linnea's of Ridgway
Ridgewood, N. J.....Jenny Banta
Riverhead, L. I., N. Y.
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Sacramento, Calif.
Lady Fair Fashions
Saginaw, Mich....Mader Shop Inc.
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San Francisco, Calif.
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Santa Ana, Calif.....Bullock's
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Sandy's Fashions
Santa Rosa, Calif.....Rosenberg's
Sarasota, Fla.....Town n' Country
Savannah, Ga.....Fine's
Schenectady, N. Y....The Imperial
Scranton, Pa.....Dolitzky
Sedalia, Mo.....Connor-Wagoner
Seven Corners, Va.
Woodward & Lothrop
Sheridan, Wyo.....Angionettes
Short Hills Mall, N. J.....Tepper's
Sidney, N. Y.....Chez Josephine
Sioux City, Iowa.....Williges
Sioux Falls, S. D.....Louise Dixon
Smithtown, L. I., N. Y.
Marie Heasley
South Bend, Ind.....Worth's
South Dartmouth, Mass.
Yankee Trader
Southern Pines, N. C....Franjean's
South Orange, N. J.....Gemini
Spartanburg, S. C.
The Aug. W. Smith Co.
Spokane, Wash.....Hannah Kohn
Staunton, Va.....Schwarzschild's
Stevens Point, Wis.....Campbell's
Streator, Ill.....Esther Kirk
Stroudsburg, Pa..Frances Burrows
Summit, N. J.....Miss Nellie
Sunbury, Pa.....Rosenblum's
Swarthmore, Pa.
The Park Ave. Shop Inc.
Syracuse, N. Y.
E. W. Edwards and Son
Tampa, Fla.....Sea Swank Inc.
Temple, Texas.....J. M. Dyer Co.
Terre Haute, Ind.....Pearce's
Topeka, Kans.....Macy's
Tucson, Ariz.....Ann Edwards Inc.
Tulsa, Okla.....Dorothy's
Tyler, Texas.....J. M. Dyer Co.
Uniontown, Pa..Ina's Dress Shoppe
Valdosta, Ga...C. C. Varnedoe Co.
Ventura, Calif.....Scott's Apparel
Virginia, Minn...The Quality Shop
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Wichita, Kans.....Innes
Wichita Falls, Texas
Perkins Timberlake
Wickenburg, Ariz.....The Bustle
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Williamstown, Mass.
Vogue and Vanity
Williamsville, N. Y.
The Village Tartan Shop
Wilmington, Dela.....Finkel's
Wilson, N. C.....Lisabeth's
Winchester, Va.
Margaret L. Hodgson
Winston-Salem, N. C...Montaldo's
Woodstock, Vt.
Town & Country Shops
Wooster, Ohio.....Beulah Bechtel
Youngstown, Ohio.....Birnbaum's


# VOGUE'S READY BEAUTY

## *Hello again, aloe*

We have carried on time and again about the mysterious glories of aloe, the succulent tropical plant that has through the ages captured the imagination of folks who wished to regenerate, to restore, to heal skin tissues. Its legend started as far back as the second Chinese Dynasty, proceeded to India (for face rashes); to Egypt (as a preservative, as a Nefertiti facekeeper); to the New World via Spanish missionaries (as the Seminole medicine man's great burn-cure of all time). Its anti-burn and anti-sunburn activities have been reported in this magazine and others. So have the laudable cosmetics that have incorporated it. . . . But now: new glad aloe-tidings—Alo-Eyes Makeup, latest tour de force of the Aloe Creme Laboratories, who pioneered the rediscovery of aloe and its conversion to beauty duty. An attractively thought-out collection, Alo-Eyes pairs six of its catchy eye shadow shades with an oyster tint to highlight the brow bone while the colour gets feathered over the lid. Encloses with its cake eye brower and eye liner, as well as with the shadow, a finely-hewed, painter-like brush; with its waterproof mascara, a spiral brush wand. . . . So how does the old skin-saver, aloe, come in? In these, plus Alo-Eyes moisture cream, a delicate white matter generously endowed with *aloe vera* gel extracted from the innards of the "true aloe" plant and expected to be dotted under and over eyes to keep them de-lined. And this way. Alo-Tone, a lime-coloured and lime-scented lotion full of *aloe vera*, has made its name as a tonic and skin balancer. Now, another function: moisturizing agent for Alo-Eyes Makeup. You can put them all on with water, but just try dipping the tiny brush into Alo-Tone. It intensifies the colour, makes it last like forever, or at least until dawn. . . . And meanwhile that therapeutic old plant should be doing for the eye territory not one bit of harm.

## *Something new under the skin*

What all good emollients aim for is to give your skin the feeling that it has been thoroughly softened, deep-down. Vitabath green, known in Europe as Badedas and known all over for its total refreshing qualities, has been making bath skin treatments for some time. As a cleanser, a foam bath, a bath oil, a fragrancer, it goes all the way—and all the day. . . . Now, to supplement the green Vitabath, Vitabath Pink has come along. It has all the commendable endowments of the green, but a more specifically girlish scent. Here's the dramatis personae. A pink facial bar that is not a soap, but a moisturizing face and neck cleanser. A pink gelée injected with horse-chestnut oil from Europe, the better to perform its manifold bath-shower-shampoo chores. A non-greasy body-buffing lotion, with a sleeking friction-power among its attributes. A powder buff, too. . . . Whereas the green Vitabath is definitely a "theirs" item, we see Vitabath Pink as particularly and voluptuously "hers." . . .

REMEMBER WHEN STRETCH WAS JUST ANOTHER WORD? NOW IN CELANESE NYLON




**Bill Blass for Roxanne** shows what Fashion Stretch in Celanese Nylon will do for you. It follows your every move, shadows your shape...and keeps its own shape beautifully. Tear-drop cut-out maillot in quick drying Celanese Nylon knit by Stretchnit, Inc. In tomato, green, plumberry or lemon. Sizes 30 to 36. About $30. At Bonwit Teller, New York & Branches; Battelstein's, Houston; D. H. Holmes Co., Ltd. New Orleans; Jordan Marsh, Florida; Stix, Baer & Fuller, St. Louis.

FASHION STRETCH OF CELANESE NYLON

Add a fiber from Celanese and good things get better.

DOWN THE VIA BELLI IN ROME IS THE SHOP OF ITALY'S MOST FABULOUS SHOE DESIGNER.

Ask a beautifully dressed Roman woman about her shoes and she may not tell you about Albanese or tell you where to find him. She is hoping you and the rest of the fashionables won't discover the most fabulous shoes Roman women have ever tripped over.

Albanese has a genius for finding new fabrics, new ways to work with leather. When he shapes a shoe, he works like a sculptor. When he colors it, he works like an artist.

To put the fabulous world of Albanese at your feet, see the Albanese collection now arriving at America's most fashionable stores. Shown, "Spanish Steps," about $30.00.

ALBANESE NOW DESIGNS FOR MARTINIQUE

# Creative wool is the fabric of the good life

**Wool is the original fashion fiber. And the creative wools woven by American mills rival the world's finest in richness and variety.**

**When forward-thinking American fabric creators set their fashion sights on wool, they dazzle the world with their ingenuity in new constructions, luxurious textures and diverse weights...and form the foundation American fashion builds on...The American Way with Wool.**

**American fabric mills make wool brilliant too. They creatively communicate color at its purest, color at its coolest, color at its clearest, color that comes alive for Spring, 1967 in the new "right brights"...**



*Undershirt-maillot*
*for the greatest figures*
*under the sun*

A clingy little maillot in one clever piece that looks like two—long, ribby white undershirt top and a smidge of black, belted at the hip in bright red and ready to take the plunge. By Cole of California. Top of knitted Orlon and cotton; brief of Helanca nylon and Vyrene (Suemel fabric). $24. Saks Fifth Avenue. Swing of hair by Hugh Harrison, Coiffures Americana. The wide wraparound sunglasses: Wraporama by Riviera.

BERT STERN




# Creative wool is the fabric of the good life

**WORUMBO**, one of America's creative mills, spins together luxury and lightness in this "shape-maker" wool, a beautiful double-woven coachman's cloth infused with fresh new magnetic blue. A Stevens fabric that so eloquently expresses **Zelinka-Matlick's** prophetic silhouette by Martin Unger. Softly-mannered coat with intricate seaming has new short sleeves, about $100. Shift dress, not shown about $70. At: Lord & Taylor, New York; The Halle Bros. Co., Cleveland; I. Magnin, west coast; Montaldo's, all stores. Or write: American Wool Council, Dept. WW-1366, 570 Seventh Ave., New York, N.Y. 10018.

## The American Way With Wool.

SILENT COMPLIMENTS pursue her. Heads turn. Glances admire. The challenge is to seek an answer to this question: *How can you be assured that your appraisal of fashion is in harmony with your ever-changing world?*



This magazine is a treasury of contemporary ideas and information. It is traditional in its consistent quality from one issue to the next. It is modern in its treatment of an infinite variety of subjects. It is influential in its continuous introduction of new thoughts, styles and trends. Magazines make excellent companions for the fashionable woman. They broaden scope. They clarify thought. They give direction. Seek them out. You will be richly rewarded.

*Your World of Ideas and Products Is In*

# MAGAZINES

**MAGAZINE ADVERTISING BUREAU OF MAGAZINE PUBLISHERS ASSOCIATION**

EMME PILLBOX, EARRINGS BY CARTIER.

# Creative wool is the fabric of the good life

**MEYER WOOLENS**, one of America's creative mills, looms a "shape-maker" wool, triple-woven worsted gabardine with inbred talent for deep-down richness, color intensity and flawless tailoring. All this fashion potential is realized in Chuck Howard's design for **Townley**, an ultra-contemporary costume in tri-colors, about $235. At: Lord & Taylor, New York; The Halle Bros., Co., Cleveland; Neiman-Marcus, all stores; I. Magnin, West Coast; Montaldo's, all stores. Or write: American Wool Council: Dept. WW-1366, 570 Seventh Ave., New York, N.Y. 10018.

PURE VIRGIN WOOL

## The American Way With Wool.

# *Coral taping for the greatest figures under the sun*



PENATI

For the figure that's taut as a bowstring—a slender stretch of lavender maillot with a look that's pure 1967. Seal-sleek with coral tapes edging the halter neck, crossing the bared back, shaping a wide V in front. By Sirena. Of Helanca stretch nylon (Fair-Tex fabric). $25 at Stern Brothers; Stix, Baer & Fuller. Cadoro bracelets.

## *Vogue Patterns*

(Continued from pages 80-81; other views, yardages, details)



7017



7022

*Above left:* V-yoked two-piece dress, yoked straight across in back. Vogue Pattern 7017; Misses Two-Piece Dress. Sizes 10-18. Size 14 requires 1¾ yards of 54″ fabric without nap; contrast insert yoke, ⅝ yard of same. $1.50. Canada, $1.65.

*Above right:* Checked two-piece dress—pleat optional on the A-shaped skirt. Vogue Pattern 7022; Misses Suit. Sizes 10 to 18. Size 14 requires 2¾ yards of 54″ fabric without nap. $2. In Canada, $2.20.

VOGUE PATTERNS ARE AVAILABLE AT IMPORTANT SHOPS IN EVERY CITY OR BY MAIL FROM VOGUE PATTERN SERVICE, P. O. BOX 549, ALTOONA, PA. AND IN CANADA, AT P. O. BOX 4092, TERMINAL A, TORONTO 1, ONT. FOR FIRST CLASS MAIL, PLEASE ADD 10C FOR EACH PATTERN ORDERED. NOTE: CALIFORNIA AND PENNSYLVANIA RESIDENTS ADD SALES TAX.

## *The Cover Dress*

Following is a list of shops where the David Crystal dress on the cover may be found.

Abilene, Texas.....Grissom's
Ada, Okla.....The Clothes Corner
Akron, Ohio.....Birnbaum's
Ardmore, Okla.....Daube's Department Store
Asbury Park, N. J.....Dainty Apparel
Asheville, N. C.....John Carroll
Atlanta, Ga.....Leon Frohsin
Baltimore, Md.....Miller Brothers
Binghamton, N. Y.....Drazens
Birmingham, Ala.....Marnie Plunket
Bloomington, Ill.....Paul Anderson, Inc.
Buffalo, N. Y.....Mabel Danahy
Cedar Rapids, Iowa.....Martin's
Chestnut Hill, Pa.....Dorothy Bullitt
Chicago, Ill.....Bramson
Chicago, Ill.....John T. Shayne
Cincinnati, Ohio.....Pogue's
Columbia, S. C.....Lisbeth Wolfe
Corsicana, Texas.....J. M. Dyer Co.
Davenport, Iowa.....Abraham's
Dayton, Ohio.....Billy Lewis
Decatur, Ill.....Williams
Dover, Del.....Emanuel's
Dubuque, Iowa.....Zuckie's
Dyersburg, Tenn.....Schlesinger's
Evansville, Ind.....Strouse & Bros.
Fairmont, Minn.....Georgia's
Flint, Mich.....Lady Davison's
Grand Rapids, Mich.....Alice Jane Dows
Green Bay, Wis.....Kohl's
Hartford, Conn.
Stackpole, Moore, Tryon Co.
Hot Springs, Ark.....Arlington Gown Shop
Huntington, W. Va.....Brown's Apparel
Indianapolis, Ind.....The Wm. H. Block Co.
Iowa City, Iowa.....Frankels Fashions
Jackson, Miss.....Frances Pepper
Jacksonville, Fla.....Bolun's
Knoxville, Tenn.....Peggy Cain
Knoxville, Tenn.....Polly Bergen Fashions
Lakewood, Calif.....Bullock's
Lansing, Mich.....The Style Shop
Lexington, Ky.....Meyers
Lincoln, Neb.....Hovland-Swanson
Madison, Wis.....MacNeil and Moore
Mayfair, Wis.....MacNeil and Moore
Memphis, Tenn.....Minor-Francis, Inc.
Mobile, Ala.....Raphael's
Nashville, Tenn.....Grace's Shop
New Haven, Conn.....Fred Phipps
Norfolk, Va.....Sarah Cohen, Inc.
Odessa, Texas.....Bateman's
Oklahoma City, Okla.....Jerome's
Palm Springs, Calif.....Bullock's
Phoenix, Ariz.....Muriel Ross
Plainfield, N. J.....Tepper's
Ponca City, Okla.....French's
Portland, Ore.
Best's Apparel-Nicholas Ungar
Providence, R. I.....Dorothy Williams
Quincy, Mass.....Anne Starr
Raleigh, N. C.....Ellisberg's
Redding, Calif.....Battle Turner
Reno, Nev.....Menards, Ltd.
Ridgewood, N. J.....Jenny Banta
Roanoke, Va.....Lazarus
Rochester, N. Y.....The Lita Shop, Inc.
Sacramento, Calif.....Lady Fair Fashions
St. Petersburg, Fla.....Slimer's Resort Wear
Salem, Ore.....The Towne Shop
San Angelo, Texas.....Barnes & Co.
San Antonio, Texas.....Margo's Vogue
San Francisco, Calif.....Robert Kirk, Ltd.
San Marino, Calif.....Damon's
Santa Ana, Calif.....Bullock's
Sarasota, Fla.....Town N' Country
Savannah, Ga.....Fine's
Spartanburg, S. C.....The Aug. W. Smith Co.
Spokane, Wash.....Hannah Kohn
Syracuse, N. Y.....E. W. Edwards and Son
Tucson, Ariz.....Ann Edwards, Inc.
Williamsport, Pa.....Lynn Hayes

CARTIER JEWELRY, WHITE PILLBOX BY EMME.

# Creative wool is the fabric of the good life

**ORDELAINE,** one of America's creative mills, weaves the blithe spirit of spring into an 8-ounces-light "naked" wool. This worsted crepe is alive with color, mobility and crispness. **Teal Traina** understands this gifted fabric, uses it for a dress design that fluidly flutters with pleats and accents white against red or ginger, navy or black, about $125. At: Lord & Taylor, New York; The Halle Bros. Co., Cleveland; Neiman-Marcus, all stores; I Magnin, west coast; Montaldo's, all stores. Or write: American Wool Council, Dept. WW-1366, 570 Seventh Ave., New York, N.Y. 10018.

## The American Way With Wool.

PURE VIRGIN WOOL

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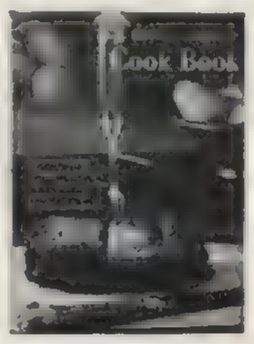
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**$5.95**

GAUCHO HAT BY MALSTON OF BERGDORF GOODMAN, CARTIER JEWELRY.

# Creative wool is the fabric of the good life

**ROCHAMBEAU**, one of America's creative mills, gives gabardine exciting new substance in their double-woven wool with just enough body to shape elegant lines, a face texturally traced with twill—a pure fashion statement in blazing bright white. The derring-do dress by Kasper of **Joan Leslie** is designed with controlled glide and easy distinction, about $100. At: Lord & Taylor, New York; The Halle Bros. Co., Cleveland; Neiman-Marcus, all stores: I Magnin, west coast; Montaldo's, all stores. Or write: American Wool Council, Dept. WW-1366, 570 Seventh Ave., New York, N.Y. 10018.

## The American Way With Wool.

PURE VIRGIN WOOL




Balm Argenta, very likely the world's finest hand lotion, now comes to you in tiny foil pillows in a handsomely decorated dispensing carton. There are 12 matchbook-size packets, each holding 8 individual applications, 96 pillows in all. Can't break or spill, loves travel. Tuck a packet in your purse or pocket. Carry the secret of soft, lovely hands wherever you go.

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# BEAUTY CHECKOUT

*January 15*

*Who needs pills?*

We have a thing about exploring drugstores when we travel, just as some people can't miss the local zoos. In Geneva we came upon the Pharmacie Principale—and honour to its name it gladly does: it's the biggest drugstore in all of Europe. Bigness isn't all it has, however; organization and thoroughness are among its charms—present are many French and American cosmetics and perfumes, low-cal foods, good teas; optical lenses, sunglasses. . . . For men, there's a service that might one day be plagiarized around the U.S.A.—especially considering the numbers of attractive, active types who must go straight from the office to the evening. The Pharmacie lets any man make use of their Notre Salon Pour Gentlemen, at which place the particular, and rushed, gentleman can help himself, without charge, to the quick-grooming facilities that stand on counters or hang on walls (ten electric razors line up in a sort of telephone-booth arrangement). Colognes, moisturizers, tissues, and ashtrays all figure in the hospitality. Is the privilege abused? No, the Pharmacie people assure us; the men are grateful guests—and the resulting camaraderie appears to be reflected in sales. Do we see a vest-pocket Racquet Club on every city corner in the U.S.A. eventually? Not an entirely unthinkable prospect when you view the rousing of interest in men's grooming aids. . . .

*Exercise: prime time*

There are theories and theories about which hour of the day is the most conducive to exercise follow-through—one nation's army even made a study of the subject and came up with "mid-morning, recommended time for metabolic cooperation." . . . A different view is held by three remarkably beautiful beauties who polled one another and came up d'accord: best time, late afternoon, after a hot bath. A half hour of exercise at that time, with muscles eased by the warmth of the tub, seems to Merle Oberon de Pagliai, Cristina Ford, and Luciana Pignatelli, the ideal arrangement. After exercise, a quick sponging with cold water is the agreed-upon finish. All three of these glorious creatures, incidentally, follow the exercise system of the Roman maestro Sbarra: workout with weights attached to the feet. . . .

*The other makeup*

The other makeup, the under makeup, is of course sun. A touch of it to enliven the skin the year around. You know this; who *doesn't?* But what we've sometimes wondered is: to what degree do people know that a sunlamp *is* sun? Indeed, with it, they have *power* over the sun. For instance, the sun itself is hardly plug-in-able—a sunlamp is. For another instance, the sun occupies a fixed distance in space, a fixed distance from beach and bodies. And this latter fact is of maximum importance to anyone who wants to use a sunlamp successfully. . . . Much of Vogue's information on lighting, over the years, has come from a genius at General Electric, a gentleman whose knowledge of wattage, powers, strengths of lighting, has been of use to us in discussing such matters as eyesight. The same scientist has straightened us out on the use of sunlamps. He has said: keep your distance, as recommended in the directions that accompany your sunlamp (by which he modestly means your G.E. sunlamp). Follow instructions; then feel your way to your own level of timing (one person's six minutes is another person's fifteen-minute exposure). By all means use eye protection—a pair of eye-size eye-coverings is included in the latest G.E. sunlamp set, which includes as well: bulb; socket and cord; small spiral coil to act as stand; tube of sun-cream. All these things live in a lightweight grey plastic container the size of a liquid-dieter's picnic hamper. . . . Our own experience is this: sunlamps work best after a bath; should be used every other day, always with a moisturizer, and, for the nose, a sun-block product. . . .

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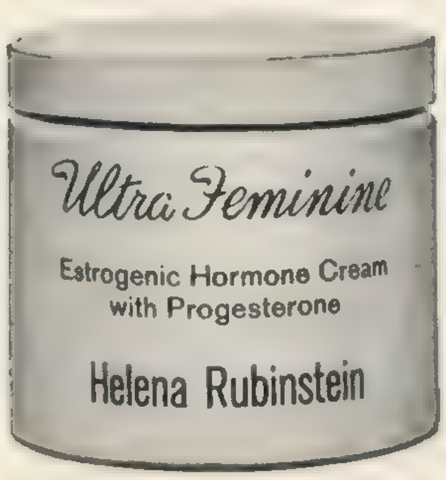
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# VOGUE'S

*In St. Moritz, a bowling party at La Quinta*



1

Winter games, night and day, thrive in St. Moritz. Skiers often leave the runs for the lanes—especially at La Quinta, the Ernest Kanzlers' house where the game of the year is bowling. In their Swiss chalet, Valerian Rybar designed an eighteenth-century Swiss *stubli* but added an automatic Brunswick bowling lane between the crimson felt walls.

At this party the guests were split into two teams. Between strikes, players either swivelled in tapestried chairs near the monumental blue-and-white Delft stove or watched from the larch-panelled bar. Some danced to piped-in hi-fi. Outdoor games, Swiss and mediaeval, shone from eight Brueghelian murals by the young English painter Robert Walker. But not indoor bowling. That's the new go-going indoor gamesmanship at the Kanzlers. After time out for a midnight reviver of Chianti and risotto, bowlers bowled on until early morning.



2



3



4

# NOTEBOOK



5



6

1. Guests arriving at La Quinta by sleigh. 2. Miss Heidi Balzer and Mr. Gunther Sachs. 3. Miss Simone Terwey. 4. Mr. Gabriel Echavarria, Miss Vivianne Johnson, Conte Gianni Fani-Gotti, Conte Momi Fani-Gotti, and Mr. Giuseppe Vanini. 5. Bowling lane in the bar. 6. Miss Monina von Opel and Count Andrea von Bismark. 7. Mlle. Yvonne Renaud and Mr. Peter Nomikus. 8. Comte Ivan de Simur and Miss Georgia Refetov. 9. Guests bowling.



7



8



9


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# VOGUE'S NOTEBOOK: THEATRE

By WILFRID SHEED

## *My Sweet Charlie,*

### *"a medium taste for hokum"*

How far can you go with an animated cliché? All the way to Broadway, of course, if you choose your cliché carefully and make sure not to overdo the animation.

The cliché base in *My Sweet Charlie,* at the Longacre, meets at least the minimum requirement: It is positively guaranteed not to offend anyone in the New York metropolitan area. I cheerfully acknowledge it to be one of my own favourites. It is the one about the dumb White and the bright Negro—a pretty piece of reverse racism.

The Negro is a civil rights lawyer from the North, frantically on the lam for a murder rap. The girl is a frowzy flower of Southern womanhood who has holed up in the same abandoned house as the lawyer, to sweat out an illegitimate accouchement. The two of them proceed to enact a sort of latter-day *Abie's Irish Rose* with all manner of cultural collisions, some of them droll, and some of them just collisions.

Unfortunately, the girl (Bonnie Bedelia) is of a dumbness unique and extraordinary, verging almost on the classic and great. This may be sociologically astute, but dramatically it leaves a great slackness at one end of the rope. No playwright would dare to present a Negro character one-fraction as dumb as this. And what the playwright (David Westheimer) has failed to do for the heroine, Bonnie Bedelia does for herself—making of the girl a shuffling, slack-jawed cretin in the Olympic class.

What makes the play work the little bit that it does is precisely its idiot appeal. It is funny, granted our local predispositions, to hear a Negro playing Professor Higgins to a member of the Master Race—correcting her English and her table manners and sternly declining to rape her when that seems to be called for. Louis Gossett, always a fine actor, plays the part with appropriate relish. And if you have a medium taste for hokum, you may be touched by the way the girl warms and brightens slightly under his sardonic guidance. You might even manage a hollow groan over the gratuitous sad ending.

The overall message seems to be that the trouble with the White South is a drastically low IQ. At that, there have been several less kindly interpretations on the Broadway stage.

## *America Hurrah,*

### *"concentrated and electric"*

The closest thing to an unqualified success this season, blessed and stroked by critics of the avant- and derrière-gardes alike, is *America Hurrah,* at the Pocket Theatre. The interesting thing about this three-part run-through of the American horrors is that no one seems to know how to divide the praise. How much of it should go to Jean-Claude van Itallie's script, and how much to Jacques Levy's and Joseph Chaikin's production? And how much is left over for the uniformly excellent cast?

The fact is that the whole texture is virtually seamless, like that of a good movie. It seems that the author and the actors hammered most of it out together in theatre workshops, so that by now you can hardly tell who is responsible for what. In a crazy-quilt theatre like our own, where play-doctors are flown in to write lines in others' plays for actors who have never before worked together, the effect is concentrated and electric, and one of the most encouraging things to come along in some time.

VOGUE'S NOTEBOOK:

# TRAVEL

By MERLE OBERON DE PAGLIAI

## *Cuernavaca, "Eternal Springtime"*

In Cuernavaca in the evening, bands play, and young girls and boys parade separately, eyeing one another. Street vendors sell cotton candy, candied apples, balloons, and Mexican sweetmeats. It is a fascinating sight, and since Cuernavaca has no airport, the best way to see it is to go there by road. As the drive takes only an hour and a quarter from Mexico City, and happens to be one of the loveliest drives imaginable, no one complains. After passing through country that ranges from cactus fields to pine forests, the road crosses the beautiful, romantic range of the Tepozteco mountains. (Zapata and his band of rebels hid out for months in the foothills.) On one of the highest peaks is the remains of an Aztec temple. Then the road drops to a valley and to Cuernavaca, a busy Indian town, with maximum noise and bustle.

Facing the main square of Cuernavaca is the palace of Hernán Cortés, now with, in its entrance, beautiful murals by Diego Rivera. At the right, a road has been broken through the bastion of Cortés's palace. On the right of that road in a high pink wall is an old colonial door. Behind that door, surprisingly, is a garden of such beauty and tranquillity it is hard to believe that on the other side of the wall is massed activity. This is our house and our garden—all enclosed within a wall.

Parts of the house were once a section of the bastion of Cortés's palace. One of the guest rooms may have been a women's jail, a dungeon to which the food was lowered through a hole in the ceiling. The living and dining rooms have only three walls, for the weather is always temperate. Since the house is built in Spanish Colonial style, I have decorated it in that period, and I use more candles than electricity: Especially at night, the atmosphere suggests the times of the Conquest.

Our house has a ghost—according to our caretaker, who is apparently a perfectly normal person apart from the fact that for years he has insisted that a man in a shroud appears to him. A guest, the late David Selznick, once said he was awakened every night at midnight by a knocking on his door. My husband tells me that some years ago he had an outside wall broken into, in order to find out what prevented a vine from covering it. When the bricks were removed, a skeleton was discovered. To add to the mystery, when the skeleton was taken out and the wall bricked up again, the vine grew with no difficulty.

To get back to happier things: Life in Cuernavaca is primarily quiet, healthy, and comfortable, with marvellous golf and riding, but really little else in the way of sports. On the lake of Tequesquetengo, about a twenty-five minute drive from Cuernavaca, water-skiing is possible. A short way out of town are fabulous mineral baths and, just out of town, some fairly new, important archaeological diggings.

One point I should make about Cuernavaca for people who are allergic to tourists: They are hardly noticeable. Most of the non-Mexicans are people who actually have houses and live in them part time—or all year around, for Cuernavaca is, if I should have to describe it in one phrase, the land of "Eternal Springtime."

---

*Jet approaches to Cuernavaca.* Mexico City is the nearest airport. An advantage for passengers flying from New York on Eastern Airlines nine A.M. jet: They arrive in Mexico City at one P.M., and drive in bright sunshine to Cuernavaca. Another way to go: Jet first to Acapulco, drive up to Cuernavaca on roads edged with cacti shaped like candelabra. Eastern's jets fly nonstop to both cities. On these Mexican runs, stewardesses slip on brilliant serapes made of paper and pass pepita seeds and Margaritas.


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VOGUE'S NOTEBOOK:

# MOVIES

By ANN BIRSTEIN

## *A Man For All Seasons,*

### "*altogether superb*"

*A Man for All Seasons* is a beautiful film, even better than the play on which it's based, but dealing for all its colour and enlarged canvas with the same stark struggle of conscience. So much devoted effort has gone into this production that it's hard to know what to praise first. The script by Robert Bolt is just as pithy and often less wordy than his stage play. The direction by Fred Zinnemann, always intelligent and sensitive, is also always discreet. And the star, Paul Scofield, by refusing to play the star, makes of his rôle as Sir Thomas More exactly what it ought to be: the quiet moral hub from which all the spokes of the drama must radiate. He's supported by a uniformly brilliant cast and a camera that avoids the obvious temptations of pomp and pageantry to give us a sweeter Tudor England of white lilac and barges floating past a lovely, dun-coloured countryside.

The central situation is, of course, More's famous refusal on religious grounds to sanction the divorce of Henry VIII from Katharine of Aragon, a stand that ultimately affects everyone around him from Cardinal Wolsey, played here by a wonderfully red-eyed, porcine Orson Welles ("If I had served God as well as I served my king, God would not have left me to die here"), to the lowliest, comical servant, played by Colin Blakely. One by one these people engage him in disputation, less to convince him, one soon realizes, than themselves. John Hurt is particularly effective as More's would-be retainer and ultimate betrayer, and so is Leo McKern as Cromwell, that dark bird beckoning in the background. As the daughter, Susannah York brings a delicate blond beauty to her part that perfectly suits the delicate understanding between her and her father. As she chatters away in Latin, she is surely the prettiest bluestocking on record. But it's left to Wendy Hiller to make the most moving appeal of all as More's gruff plain wife, who never even wanted to learn to read in the first place or to understand the finer points of his logic, who still won't understand except on command, and who now in the Tower leaves him in a final dear clutch of love. "Why," he says with excruciating tenderness, "it's a lion I married."

Out of this kaleidoscope of cause and effect, the man for all seasons must finally emerge to meet his fate alone. And perhaps the special, distinguishing quality of Scofield's altogether superb performance is just this impression of inevitability. After all the words have been said, of which there are many, some profound, some clever—"The nobility of England would have snored through the Sermon on the Mount, but they'll labour like scholars over a bulldog's pedigree"—and the thrusts parried, and the final silence thundered (no one can be more strikingly silent than Scofield), what we have is no martyr but a man. A man who is witty, charming, patient, and wry, a man inadvertently cruel to those desperate to save him and themselves, but kind even to his own executioner. A man who can not possibly leave his path however much he wants to, because "Only God is love right through, and that's my Self." To which Nigel Davenport as the Duke of Norfolk quite rightly replies, "Goddamn, man, it's disproportionate."

There are a few lapses, notably an epilogue that is certainly unnecessary after the vivid, terrible scene of More's beheading. But this is a minor quibble. It's a rare movie in which not only conscience is the star but also thought. "Jesus, clear my wits," More prays before his trial and impending death. And in this case at least that noble man's prayers are answered.

VOGUE'S NOTEBOOK:

# BOOKS

By MARYA MANNES

## *Madame Sarah,*

### "*brave, tough, foolish, fragile*"

Few are alive who saw Sarah Bernhardt in her prime. And those of us taken to see her when she was very old and we were very young saw only ruin. I remember her interminable droning of Alexandrines in *Phèdre,* mostly reclining, her hair a frizz, her face hardly discernible in the dim light. Afterwards an actor-friend of my family took us all backstage. In her wheelchair in a suffocatingly hot dressing room, her amputated leg under a shawl, she called in a voice as dry as palmetto fronds: "Viens ici, ma petite!" and stretched out tiny claws. Resisting, I was gently pushed towards her. She reached for me and pressed her cracked and scarlet lips on my cheek. I had never seen a face so caked and fissured, nor eyes so terribly alive.

It is sad for us all, whether or not we saw her at the end of her life and art, that there are no films, no records to show us what it was that made this French woman so magical, so enthralling, so overwhelming that, in all the civilized countries of the world during the last decades of the nineteenth century, audiences wept, worshipped, fainted, cheered, and were transported whenever this slight, small actress with the nimbus of hair and the "golden" voice appeared on the stage, and all the great of her time were at her feet. For even after reading this spirited, warm, and richly documented biography, *Madame Sarah,* by Cornelia Otis Skinner (Houghton Mifflin), I find it hard—really—to imagine why.

This is not Miss Skinner's fault, for how is magic conveyed without the living source? When Miss Skinner asked her actor-father whether he considered Bernhardt the greatest actress he ever saw, Otis Skinner said: "I don't know . . . certainly she was the greatest show woman." "Max Beerbohm said that she gave the impression of lurid supernaturalness," and "Stark Young wrote that there was something mythical about her, like a volcano, that sincerity hardly concerned her 'any more than sincerity concerns the sun or the wind. . . .'" To the British critic Arthur Symons her acting was "an irresistible expression of a temperament; it mesmerized one, awakening the senses and sending the intelligence to sleep."

Miss Skinner makes it plain that, except for certain classics, most of the plays Bernhardt performed were claptrap, and her most successful scenes—usually of grotesque melodrama ending in various forms of self-inflicted death-agony—so overplayed that a contemporary audience would roll in the aisles. Allowing her own splendid humour full rein, Miss Skinner spares us none of these absurdities, either of the woman or of her time.

One thing is sure: Bernhardt was an incredible woman, fortunate here in a biographer so equipped by nature and experience to write about her. Infuriating and irresistible, supremely egotistical yet wildly generous, controlled in art and wholly uncontrollable in life, an insanely doting mother yet a warmly loving grandmother, brave, tough, foolish, fragile, imperious, indomitable, ugly yet emanating piercing beauty—what was she not?

One of her least susceptible observers, George Bernard Shaw, wrote of her acting not as "the art of making you think more highly or feel more deeply, but the art of making you admire her, champion her, weep with her, laugh at her jokes, follow her fortunes breathlessly, and applaud her wildly when the curtain falls."

And this, in reading *Madame Sarah,* is precisely what I did. Who now can cast this kind of spell?

# 8 x ONE = ONE HUNDRED

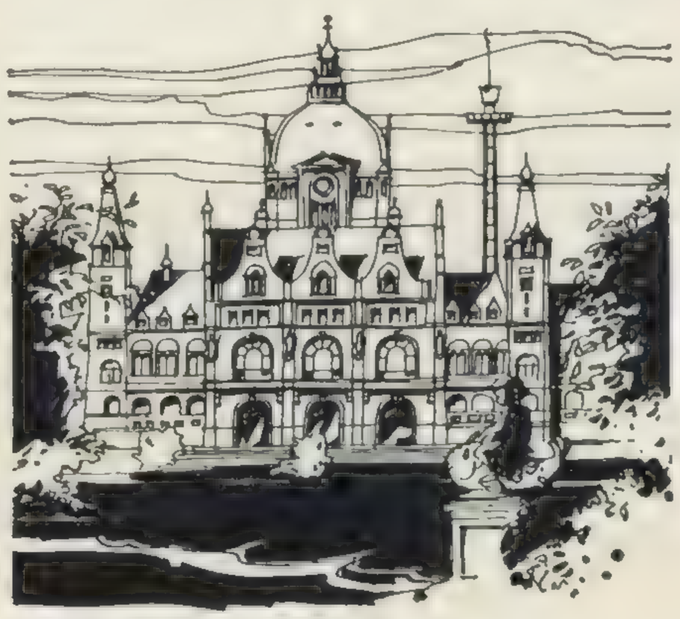
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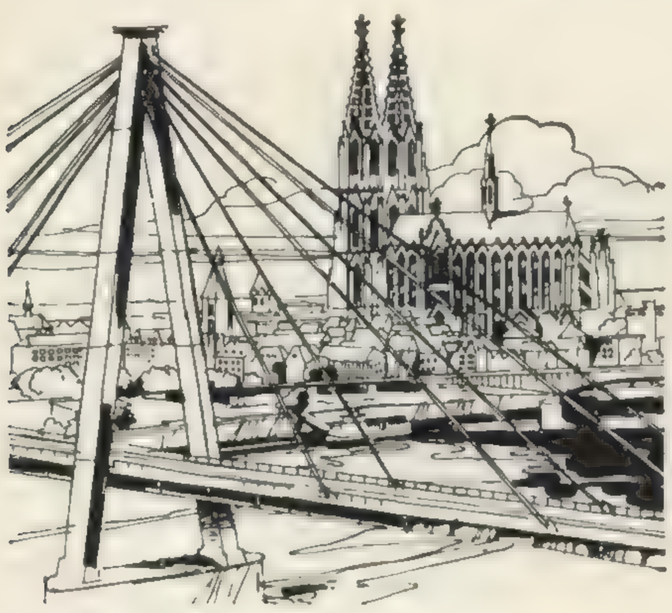
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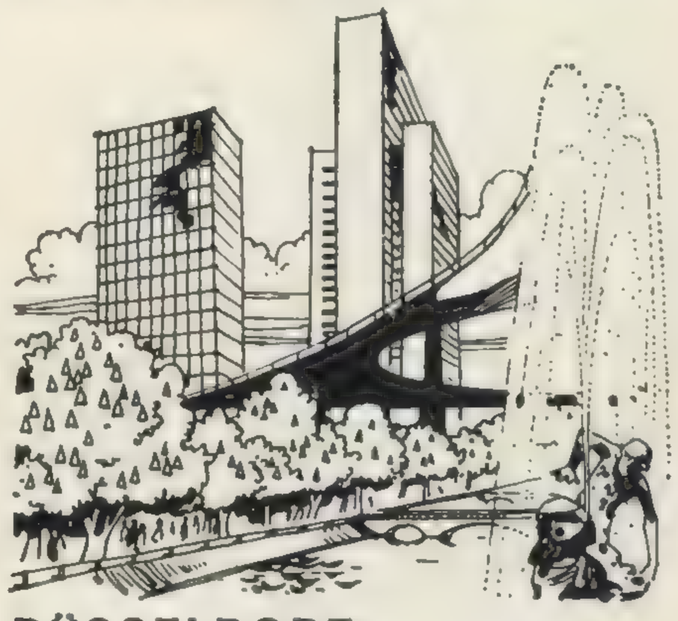

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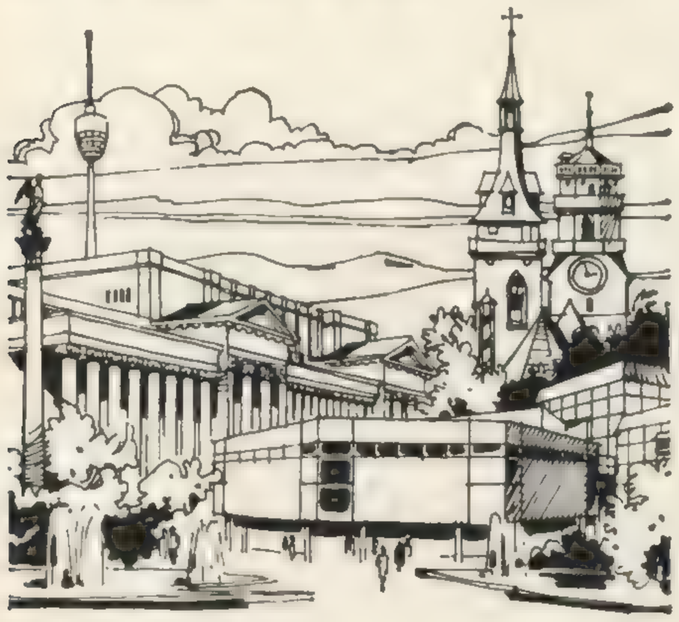
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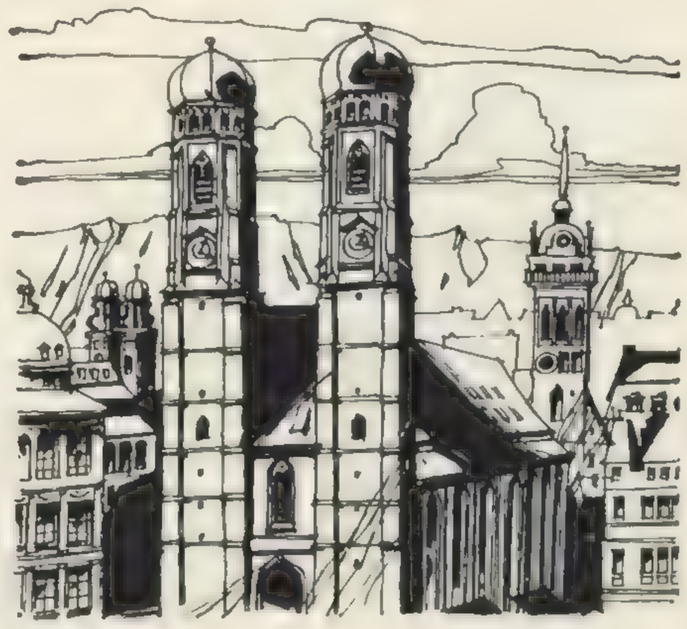
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# MEN IN VOGUE

## ...NOTES, QUOTES, AND VOTES

***New York: Right now,*** the start of the boat show season. Kick-off: the National Boat Show at the Coliseum, January 14 through 22. Red hot news at the show: boat radar at $2,500 —usually twice that cost; the new fibre glass Trident 20 for water sports; a thirty-two-foot under-$9,000 houseboat with a 210 H.P. engine.

### *Val-d'Isère: Behind the ski champ's wedeln: Yoga.*

Jean-Claude Killy, the twenty-three-year-old French ski champion, nicknamed the Rocket, swears by a unique system of exercise and diet. A major part: yoga exercises to relax and tone muscles. Other ingredients in Killy's régime: participation in all sports to develop perfect muscular tone; a minimum of ten hours' sleep a night; diet consisting exclusively of grilled meats, green beans, Gruyère cheese, and fruits.



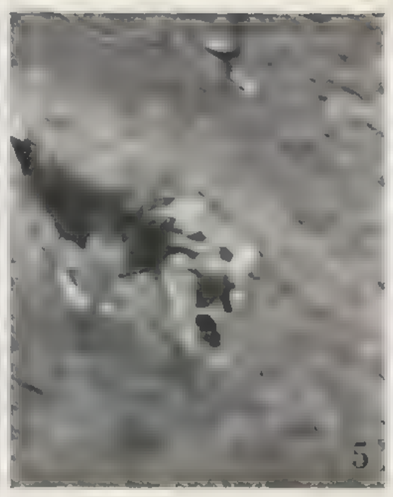
***New York: On a chilly Long Island day: a great shoot . . . all for charity***


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JILL KREMENTZ

The best shoot of the season on Long Island . . . Anthony Drexel Duke and W. Clifford Klenk's annual shoot in Spring Harbor . . . this year, for the first time, the members of the shooting party contributed upwards of $100 a gun to benefit Boys Harbor, Mr. Duke's organization for underprivileged boys. Three hundred pheasants and ducks were released during the three-hour shoot on a cool, late autumn morning. 1. Edward Slater, with his son, Edward III, wore the only European shooting suit—a pale-grey tweed from Henry Poole. 2. Men and dogs head for the stands where a horn signalled the start and finish of each ten-minute session. 3. Mrs. Kenneth Edwards, one of the handlers, with her Golden Labrador. 4. One of the "bird boys" who collected the game. 5. A retriever. 6. Tony Duke in yellow slicker jacket, corduroys and boots and shot bag from Spain. 7. Clifford Klenk and Charles Mathieu, Jr., at the half.

***Palm Beach: See red?*** You can't help it . . . on Worth Avenue, at the Everglades, the B & T—red linen trousers are everywhere. Sometimes worn, as Bill Talbot does it, with a pink shirt . . . often with a navy or camel blazer and white turtleneck shirt. The red thing even extends to shoes . . . Donald Leas is famous for his red tasselled loafers worn with . . . what else? . . . red trousers.

BRUNO BARBEY

***New York: Piers von Westenholz knows*** the way it's done . . . dressing with personal and contemporary style without resembling a scuffy stray from Carnaby Street. The former Olympic skier and his wife, Arabella, were in New York and Jamaica from London where he now has a shop filled with great, unexpected antiques . . . his dark-blue suit is from Blades of Dover Street, the blue-and-white bold-checked shirt, blue and white polka-dot tie from Hung on You, London.



JACK ROBINSON



To bloom at the best resorts: Dorothy Cox's realer-than-real giant botanical strawberry print in a figure-skimming pure silk A-line dress. In colors as shown only, sizes 6 to 18, about $55.

## In the Tanner Manner

Abercrombie & Fitch, All Stores / Frances Brewster, All Florida Stores / R. H. Stearns, Boston / Julius Garfinckel & Co., Washington, D. C. / Gidding-Jenny, Cincinnati / Halle Brothers, All Stores / McCurdy's, Rochester / Nan Duskin, Philadelphia / or write: Tanner of North Carolina, 530 Seventh Ave., N. Y., 10018

JANUARY 15, 1967

# VOGUE's

## EYE VIEW: HOW MUCH CURL IS THE NEW AMOUNT OF CURL?



BERT STERN

"There's no curl in this picture, not a bit of it," said one woman viewing the photograph on this page (and she is a woman who *knows* what she sees)...."Why, just look at all those curls coming back again," said another viewer (this, a creature who *sees* what she sees)....Clearly, in the matter of curliness, seeing is believing as you will. What needs to be un-curled is the word "curl" itself (see this issue's Beauty Bulletin)....Meanwhile, curl or no curl, what's completely new about the hair shown here is this: it's more than thick—it's a dynamo, lifting, spilling, twisting, catching the light every which way, and finishing in uneven bundles of hair that are like no curls you've ever seen before. Suga of Kenneth was the doer....



MRS. PHILIP L. GRAHAM GREETS MRS. NICHOLAS LONGWORTH

LAWRENCE FRIED

# THE PARTY

## TRUMAN CAPOTE RECEIVES 500 "PEOPLE I LIKE"

## BY GLORIA STEINEM

So much beauty, power, talent, and celebrity hasn't been collected in one room since a great Inaugural Ball. And for luxury of dress and surrounding, this party made most Inaugural Balls seem Spartan. Yet, as Diana Trilling commented the morning after, the evening was a success because it was personal and "basically a very nice dance for friends."

Why? Well, as everyone knew for months before it happened—since last summer, in fact, when guests first began conferring with other guests about what to wear—Truman Capote was giving a party.

And not just any party, but a great masked ball that would bring guests from Europe and Asia, not to mention Kansas, California, and Harlem. No one with an acquaintance one inch less broad than Truman's could announce it as he did: "Just a party for the people I like."

The guest list of five hundred and forty—inscribed painstakingly and by hand, like all his writing, in a ten-cent lined notebook—reflected the full range of twenty years' writing and travel: one Maharajah, a Kansas detective, half a dozen Presidential advisors, businessmen, editors, a lot of writers and performers, some artists, four composers, several heiresses, one country doctor, and a sprinkling of royalties, with defunct titles attached to very undefunct people. Thunderous publicity which leaned heavily on the Maharajah-heiress side of things, soon made it the Party of the Year—possibly of Several Years—leaving the host and everyone involved some combination of pleased and stunned.

As the day approached, there was a growing conviction—false but intriguing—that the invitation list was not just friends but a new Four Hundred of the World. Pressure from would-be guests became enormous, especially from those who were strangers to the host but felt their social status alone entitled them to go. Truman resisted, but the requests, even threats, finally forced him to cut off his phone and retire to the country.

The week before the party, international guests began arriving in New York like family-of-the-groom for a wedding, and caused the same string of accommodation problems and pre-party parties. A whimsical rumour that we were all being called together for some purpose—probably the announcement of the End of the World—spread by magic or telephone. Jerry Robbins wondered if we weren't the list of those to be shot first by the Red Guard. Kenneth Galbraith said no, not as long as *he* was on it.

Torrential rains made the End of the World seem possible, but at eight o'clock the Capote master plan began: hostesses, chosen by Truman, received ballgoers in groups, prearranged by him, for dinners at home. By nine, his thoughtful combinations of old and new friends were launched on a thorough and unjaded good time. Before the party began, it had already gotten off the ground. Marion Javits, forgetting her painted-on mask and sequinned eyebrows, discussed politics earnestly with her dinner partner Walter Lippmann. At Mr. and Mrs. Leland Hayward's, Mia Sinatra leaned against her husband's shoulder and explained that she was the brains in the family. Alvin Dewey answered questions about problems of the Clutter case, just as dignified and (Continued on page 53)

MRS. JOHN BARRY RYAN, III, WITH MR. TRUMAN CAPOTE

ELLIOTT ERWITT





# THE PARTY

(Continued from page 50) direct in the Paley dining room as he had been in Kansas during the murder investigation in *In Cold Blood*. Cecil Beaton performed the warm and gentlemanly feat of remembering everyone, even slight acquaintances, and putting them instantly at ease. Mrs. George Backer gave her dinner party as calmly as if she hadn't spent a hectic afternoon at The Plaza, supervising the ballroom decoration which she had designed.

Arriving at the ball, guests were already in high-spirited groups; no solitary couples searching desperately for someone they knew. The host and his guest-of-honour, Kay Graham, greeted each one before plunging them into the great black-and-white spectacle of the ball, a colour scheme inspired by Cecil Beaton's Ascot scene for *My Fair Lady*. Feathers, ball gowns, masks, and jewels, all whirled round what Truman chose as "the only truly beautiful ballroom left in New York": The effect was like some blend of Hollywood, the Court of Louis XIV, a mediaeval *durbar*, and pure Manhattan.

Most people danced and exclaimed over costumes and discovered friends as they watched. The masks were an enormous icebreaker: even men rarely caught on a dance floor seemed happy. Clifton Daniel, for instance, jitterbugged with an expertise that increased one's respect for *The New York Times*. Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., smiled beatifically as he performed a spirited foxtrot.

Kenneth Galbraith turned out to be one of the few men who dances well and talks well at the same time. David Merrick held his partner well away, and appeared to be counting the house. Wyatt Cooper bounced on the balls of his feet, and Philip Roth managed everything but rock 'n' roll. If Ralph Ellison's musicianship wasn't obvious in his novels, it was on the dance floor, and Billy Baldwin, in a unicorn headdress, danced *everything*.

Most guests recorded bits and snatches of mental film as the evening flowed on, scenes that will flash back for some time to come. Sampling my own, I find. . . .

. . . The path to the ballroom lined solid with television cameras, newsmen shouting at each arrival, "Who are *you?*"

. . . A sidewalk spectator, awed by Amanda Burden, saying, "She must be European. *Our* girls don't look that good."

. . . Marianne Moore, without her tricorne hat, surveying an elevator full of ladies in silks and feathers; eyes shining for the party; (Continued on page 134)

THE PARTY: AFTER THE MIDNIGHT UNMASKING IN THE PLAZA BALLROOM, THE BLACK-AND-WHITE BRILLIANCE OF THE GUESTS. AMONG THEM, HERE: MRS. STEPHANE GROUEFF, PRINCESS STANISLAS RADZIWILL, MRS. HENRY FORD, II, CONTE CRESPI, MRS. PHILIP L. GRAHAM, MRS. STEPHEN SMITH, MRS. RENÉ BOUCHÉ.

ELLIOTT ERWITT


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# THE PARTY

1. MRS. S. CARTER BURDEN, JR., WITH MR. LEWIS H. LAPHAM, II.

2. MISS LYNDA BIRD JOHNSON WITH MR. RICHARD ADLER.

3. MRS. JASON ROBARDS, JR., WITH MR. JEROME ROBBINS.

4. MRS. STEPHEN SMITH DANCING WITH MR. McGEORGE BUNDY.

5. MRS. LOEL GUINNESS.

6. MR. AND MRS. FRANK SCHIFF.

7. MR. OSCAR DE LA RENTA AND MME. FRANCOISE DE LANGLADE.

8. MR. AND MRS. THOMAS SCHIPPERS.

9. MR. AND MRS. FRANK SINATRA.

10. MISS TALLULAH BANKHEAD WITH MR. PRESTON SMITH.

11. MRS. NICHOLAS LONGWORTH, IN FOREGROUND; LEFT, MR. DANIEL SELZNICK AND MRS. WILLIAM VANDEN HEUVEL; BACKGROUND, MR. THEODORE SORENSEN AND MR. WILLIAM VANDEN HEUVEL.

12. MRS. PHILIP L. GRAHAM AND MR. WILLIAM BALDWIN.

13. MR. JEAN SCHLUMBERGER AND SENHORA WALTHER MOREIRA-SALLES.

14. PRINCIPESSA LUCIANA PIGNATELLI, MR. PETER GIMBEL, AND CONTESSA CRESPI.

15. MRS. KENNEDY LAWFORD.

16. MR. AND MRS. ALFRED GWYNNE VANDERBILT.

17. MRS. LOEL GUINNESS AND MR. TRUMAN CAPOTE.

18. MRS. JOSEPH P. KENNEDY WITH MR. HARRY KURNITZ.

19. DONNA MARELLA AGNELLI AND MR. PAUL MATHIAS.

20. MRS. HENRY FORD, II, AND COLONEL SERGE OBOLENSKY.

21. MRS. WILLIAM S. PALEY.

ELLIOTT ERWITT LAWRENCE FRIED



# THE PARTY

1. MR. WILLIAM WALTON,
SIGNOR GIOVANNI AGNELLI.

2. MRS. LOEL GUINNESS,
MR. AND MRS. WILLIAM S. PALEY.

3. MR. AND MRS. JOHN
BARRY RYAN, III.

4. MRS. STAVROS NIARCHOS.

5. MR. AND MRS. EDWARD P. MORGAN.

6. PRINCESSE D'ARENBERG
AND MR. DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS, JR.

7. MISS PENELOPE TREE.

8. MRS. JAMES W. FOSBURGH AND
AMBASSADOR AVERELL HARRIMAN.

9. MR. WILLIAM S. PALEY,
DONNA MARELLA AGNELLI,
CONTESSA BRANDOLINI D'ADDA,
PRINCESS STANISLAS RADZIWILL,
MR. CECIL BEATON;
IN THE BACKGROUND,
CONTE BRANDOLINI D'ADDA
AND MR. DAVID SOMERSET.

10. MRS. PHILIP L. GRAHAM.

11. UNDER SECRETARY OF STATE
NICHOLAS DE B. KATZENBACH
WITH MISS LYNDA BIRD JOHNSON.

12. MR. AND MRS. ALAN JAY LERNER.

13. MR. R. SARGENT SHRIVER, JR.,
MR. NORMAN PODHORETZ,
AND MR. NORMAN MAILER.

14. MRS. FRANK SINATRA.

15. MRS. RUSSELL MAXFIELD
AND MR. TRUMAN CAPOTE.

LAWRENCE FRIED

12

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14



# LOOK MARVELL

Right now, when everyone's on the move to something new. It's that time of year....Some are here, some there; in the city, the country; north, south; half a world away—exploring the Island of Mauritius or cruising about the islanded waters of Greece. New places. New people. New parties. And new fashions to make you look marvellous wherever you are, wherever you're headed. Everything from the raciest evening coats to the niftiest day dresses to the slickest maillots. All in American fabrics, which weave the smash-and-dash into the great fashions throughout this entire issue of Vogue.

## *White-inlaid navy*

left: A solid oblong of white jersey set in navy—straight as a box, just as spare. Jacques Tiffeau for Tiffeau & Busch; Jasco worsted knitted in America. About $160. Bonwit Teller; Hudson's; Sakowitz; I. Magnin. Laguna earrings. Stockings by Beautiful Bryans. Golo shoes. Coiffure by Kenneth.

## *White-chevroned navy*

right: Newest angle on jersey—printed navy stripes boldly pointing out white on the straightest coat around, scarcely giving an inch to the narrowest belt around. By Donald Brooks, in Dacron and worsted (Jasco fabric). Tom Isbell print. Textured bracelets by K. J. L.; fluted one by Napier. All, at Saks Fifth Avenue. Coat, also at Halle Bros.; Neiman-Marcus. Earrings by Chrystya Olenska for I. Miller Galleria. Gloves by Kislav. Beret by Sally Victor.

PENN

LOUS

*GREAT FASHIONS*
*ALL IN*
*AMERICAN*
*FABRICS*



## Jewel-pyjamas

this page: Frost-rime pink stones, frost-pink crêpe—cool new dazzle for pyjamas with pull, straight pants. Evening turnout by Adele Simpson, in Onondaga silk. At Bergdorf Goodman; Julius Garfinckel; Bramson; I. Magnin. Earrings by Apex Art. Pair of bracelets by Castlecliff, at Lord & Taylor. Cadoro domed bracelet, at Henri Bendel. The chained sandals by Evins at I. Miller.

## Jewel-float

opposite: So simple, it's smash—apple-green chiffon obliquely margined in silver shimmer. Dinner dress by Shannon Rodgers for Jerry Silverman, in Stern & Stern silk. About $125. Miss Bergdorf of Bergdorf Goodman; Hutzler's; Hudson's; Joseph Magnin. Pakula earrings, Altman's. Prestige stockings. I. Miller Galleria sandals. Both coiffures: Suga of Kenneth. All U.S. fabrics.

*LOOK MARVELLOUS*



*tapered coat, graphed*
in Tattersalls, left, red and black on white. Small top, wider hem, a lift in every line—pockets, buttons, sleeves, all high. By Geoffrey Beene; wool and nylon. Cadoro earrings. Napier gilt bracelet. All: Saks Fifth Avenue. Coat: Halle Bros.; Neiman-Marcus. Castlecliff bogus pearl bracelet. Adolfo hat. Kislav gloves.

*Narrow coat, narrow belt*
right, a straight little button-down coat with four bias pockets, a skimmy dress inside. Both, plaid wool gabardine in pink, yellow, blue. Barberini. Anglo wool loomed in America; about $245. Bracelets: Napier and Cadoro. All, Saks Fifth Avenue. Costume: Halle Bros.; L. S. Ayres. Sandor Goldberger earrings. Halston beret, to order: Bergdorf Goodman.

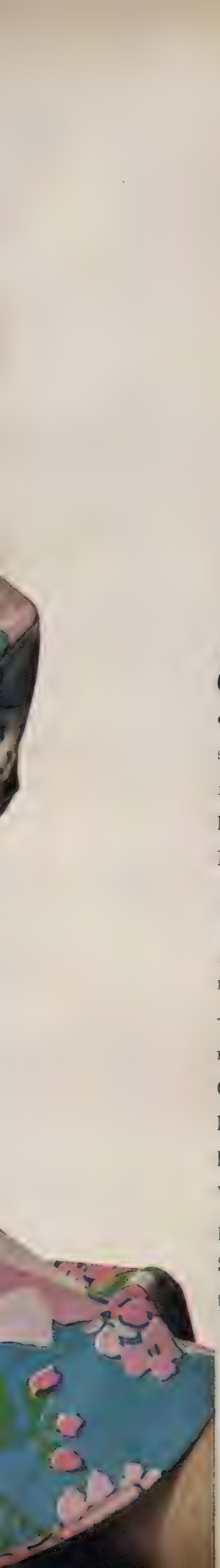
*Cheery checkerboard*
far right, a small suit of yellow and white checks. Short jacket over a dress with yellow jersey top, checked skirt. By Briarbrook, of acrylic and worsted; Gabbe-Salm for Hanora fabric; about $90. Colony gilt and bogus pearl earrings. Bracelets: upper, Castlecliff; lower, K.J.L. All: Lord & Taylor. Costume: I. Magnin. Adolfo hat. Fuchs gloves. Both pages: Beautiful Bryans stretch nylon stockings.

# *LOOK MARVELLOUS*



LOOK MARVELLOUS





*Look-pretty print*

opposite: Spring flowers sitting pretty on silk—smock with a high, sleeved yoke. By Marie McCarthy for Larry Aldrich, in Onondaga silk. About $160. Bonwit Teller; Joseph Horne; Famous-Barr; Joseph Magnin. Regina Novelty earrings. Solar stockings.

*Hammered gold*

right: Shimmering like tiny lizard skins of pure gold —which it isn't—the welted, belted trench coat makes light-bright of racy evenings. Dinner coat by Originala, in Comark vinyl. About $235. K.J.L. bracelets. All, Bonwit Teller. The coat, also Nan Duskin; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. Gloves by Viola Weinberger. Prestige stockings. Coiffures, both pages: Hugh Harrison of Coiffures Americana. Sealing every lip: the glow of Yardley's deliciously transparent Good Night Slicker. All U. S. fabrics.



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# LOOK MARVELLOUS



*Plaid on the square*
for a young coat, square cut; low pockets with flaps, sleeves with slits. Sky-blue plaided in ginger and beige. By Geoffrey Beene, of Anglo wool melton cloth loomed in America. Earrings by Sandor Goldberger. Scarf by Emily Wetherby. All, at Lord & Taylor. The coat, also at Julius Garfinckel; Frost Bros.; I. Magnin. Gloves by Crescendoe-Superb. The fedora, of pale-blue felt, by Anello for Emme.

*Checks surfacing*
in black and white, right—a straight dress of double-woven Fortrel and cotton with open collar, shirt-tab, bits of sleeves. By Adele Simpson, of Galey & Lord fabric. About $125. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Hutzler's; Rich's; Gidding-Jenny. Earrings by Sandor Goldberger. Smith St. Jacques bracelet. On both pages: Hudson ribbed fishnet stockings. All clothes U.S. fabrics.





*Tab-front coatdress,* above, checked beige and white. Donald Brooks. Anglo wool loomed in America. About $190. Lord & Taylor. The beret by Halston, to order at Bergdorf Goodman. Vendôme earrings.

*Jacketed dress,* right—green, gold, and white checks; a fling of pleats. By Frechtel. A wool mark costume. Anglo fabric. Bergdorf Goodman; Bramson; I. Magnin. Ben King and Sarah Coventry bracelets. Beautiful Bryans stockings. Coiffure: Suga of Kenneth.

*Patterned wool,* opposite, top left—navy-and-white coat with flapped pockets, matching dress. Donald Brooks. Anglo wool loomed in America. Lord & Taylor. Halston hat to order at Bergdorf Goodman. Archer stockings. Earrings: Saint Laurent for Colony.

*Shirt jacket,* opposite, lower left, checked navy and white, navy dress. Murray Neiman for Hannah Troy. A wool mark dress. Ordelaine fabric. Costume: Bonwit Teller; Julius Garfinckel. Roman Stripe panty stockings. Omega watch. The handbag by La Bagagerie.

*Bias-checked raincoat,* far right, in navy and white—mandarin collar, wide hem. Jacques Tiffeau for Tiffeau & Busch. Comark vinyl. About $200. Lord & Taylor; Neiman-Marcus. Cadoro earrings. Beautiful Bryans stockings. Kenneth coiffure. All U. S. fabrics.

PENN

LOOK MARVELLOUS

*LOOK MARVELLOUS*



PENN



*Spiderweb print*

Giant white webs, left, swirled on a black wool coat wrapped and tied with its own belt. Coat and print by Tzaims Luksus. Anglo wool loomed in America. Bonwit Teller; Nan Duskin. Cadoro ring. Hudson stockings. Coiffure: Ara Gallant. Dynel hairpieces: Tovar-Tresses.

*Crash of colour*

Floating from a gathered neck, right—wave upon wave of red and stinging pink breaking on white. By Donald Brooks. Silk print: Julian Tomchin for Chardon-Marché. About $160. Michael Hic earrings. All: Saks Fifth Avenue. Dress: Rich's; Halle Bros.; Sakowitz. Stockings of Cantrece nylon by Burlington. Coiffure, hairpiece: Alfredo of Via Veneto. U.S. fabrics.



*Belted gold*

left. V-necked flick of gold jersey held high with a soft crush of navy leather ...navy buttons closing the front. By Jacques Tiffeau for Tiffeau & Busch. In Dacron and worsted jersey (Jasco fabric). About $160. At Henri Bendel; Halle Bros. Textured stockings by Beautiful Bryans. Coiffure: Kenneth.

*Shirt-jacket suit*

below, in crisp sculptured white, tied high; long French-cuffed sleeves buttoned at the wrist. By B. H. Wragge. Of Dacron, cotton, and Lycra; Galey & Lord fabric. About $110. Bonwit Teller; Frost Bros.; I. Magnin. Stockings by Beautiful Bryans. Earrings by Cadoro. Coiffure by Ingrid of Michael Kazan.

*Spring white*

right, for a double breasted wool coat-dress, its neck drawn straight across to long-banded shirt-sleeves; flapped pockets squared-off at the hips. By Ben Zuckerman. Of Anglo wool loomed in America. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Harzfeld's; Neiman-Marcus. Rings by Boris. Hanes stockings. Coiffure: Ara Gallant; hairpieces by Tovar-Tresses.



*LOOK MARVELLOUS*



# *LOOK MARVELLOUS*



*Candlepowered crêpe*
falling in a fluid white shaft, right, from shoulder to ankle, blazing with ruby-red beading at the collar and bib. By Dominic for Matty Talmack. William Rose silk. Bonwit Teller: Nan Duskin; I. Magnin. Stanley Hagler bogus pearl earrings. Coiffure by Suga of Kenneth.

*Candlepowered chiffon*
over white crêpe, far right: Long-sleeved drift of white, beaded from wrist to elbow, gathered on beading at the neck. Harvey Berin. Syntex silk chiffon. Bergdorf Goodman; Stanley Korshak; Burdine's; Montaldo's. Eisenberg and Schreiner rings. The coiffure by Ara Gallant. Dynel hairpieces by Tovar-Tresses. On both pages: Sandals by Bernardo. All U.S. fabrics.

PENN



*Tab-front suit*
in banana wool—flapped pockets at the waist. Abbe Rabiner for Bardley; Ounegan wool loomed in America. About $90. Lord & Taylor; Woodward & Lothrop; Jacobson's, Michigan; I. Magnin. Fluted bangles: Smith St. Jacques: Middle bangle: K.J.L. Hudson stockings. Coiffure by Kenneth.



PENN

# *LOOK MARVELLOUS*

*two-piece knit*
in palest ice-green with a cowled top falling straight to the hips. By Leslie Fay; double-knitted Dacron. About $35. At Altman's; Woodward & Lothrop; Carson Pirie Scott; J. W. Robinson. Apex Art bogus jade earrings. Coiffure by Hugh Harrison of Coiffures Americana. All U.S. fabrics.



# LOOK MARVELLOUS



## *Windowpane checks*

Bias-cut sweep of grey windowpane checks, left, swinging on a wide-hemmed navy-blue coat, small collar, small shoulders. Henry Friedricks for Brittany. Anglo wool loomed in America. About $185. At Lord & Taylor; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. Trifari earrings at Altman's. Smith St. Jacques bracelets. Hat by Adolfo. Stockings by Hudson.

## *Wide-hemmed coat*

A swing of camel-coloured wool, left, from narrow shoulders to a wide hem. Buttoned to a short funnel collar, moving everywhere now. Muriel Reade for Monarch of Forstmann wool, loomed in America. About $145. At Bonwit Teller; Wanamaker's, Phila.; Gidding-Jenny. Cadoro earrings. Hat by Adolfo. Beautiful Bryans stockings: Bonwit Teller.

## *Squared-away seams*

Sharp-green coat, right, with a blind closing; seamed square as a matchbox, close as a doublet in front. Giant square-seamed pleats swing out at the back. By Stanley Nelson. Of Dorset wool and Orlon gabardine; treated with Zepel. About $250. At Bonwit Teller; Famous-Barr; Frederick & Nelson. Bracelets by Napier and Sarah Coventry. Emme roller. Textured stockings by Hanes. All in U. S. fabrics.



*LOOK MARVELLOUS*

*VOGUE PATTERNS*



VOGUE PATTERN 7017



## *V for two*

Great day for the two-piece dress, left: a big white yoke pointed into navy-blue wool twill —small-sleeved top and lightly gathered skirt. Vogue Pattern 7017. Forstmann wool. The earrings by Marvella. All, at Altman's. Panty-hose in navy-blue, by Roman Stripe.

## *Look sharp*

Windowpane checks mark the two-piece dress, right: crisp black-and-white wool for a yoked fly-front top and an easy skirt that swings to the tune of a deep front pleat. Vogue Pattern 7022. Anglo wool. K. J. L. earrings. Bracelets by Midtown Belts. All, at Lord & Taylor. Hanes stockings. Coiffures, both pages: Ara Gallant; Dynel hairpieces by Tovar-Tresses. Both fabrics loomed in America. Other views, sizes, details, on page 32.

VOGUE PATTERN 7022

PENN

# MOSCOW, OF PEOPLE,

EDITOR'S NOTE: Observant, subtle, amused, Pauline de Rothschild is more likely to read ancient poets than how-to travel books when she prepares for a trip. She writes of Russia as if she saw it through a prism—all new angles and sudden lights. Some of her recent adventures there with her husband, Baron Philippe de Rothschild, appeared as "The Irrational Voyage: Notes on Leningrad" in the October 15, 1966, issue of Vogue.

* * *

We took the Leningrad-Moscow night train, a favourite of Russians of both cities. Philippe's and my sleeping hours differ so much that we had luxuriously reserved two sleepers. But the true luxury lay elsewhere: in the double sleepers, each one a room—a red living room, long and very broad, owing to the width of Russian trains. In our solitary smaller sleepers, we had the brilliant reds of the blankets, the brighter carpet, the lamps with their opaline lampshades, the curtains, and the deep armchair of red facing the bed across a wide table.

Through the glass of the train window, in the dark at eight in the morning, a white face, a smile, black hair turned up like a Dutch cap and brilliant pencilled eyes: our interpreter, hugging to herself her nylon-fur coat of a Dior shape. She, the charming Margot, was a computer expert who had a degree in electrical sciences; and when she lacked information, she quickly found a probability that would do until the next time she met us. Complete and serious with knowledge. She had just guided on a very long trip fifteen southern Frenchmen who kept repeating, "Ah, ce n'est pas comme ça à Marseille."

She was very much in love with her husband, a ballet dancer. When he was not performing at the Bolshoi he would constantly exercise, or take a class. "What does he do when he is not dancing?"—"He sleeps." This strong and good-looking young man evidently needed great restoring drafts of sleep. Did the divisions of his day consist of dancing, listening to her chatter, and sleeping? Yes. This view of the ornamental man is not unusual and is shared by many Russian women. The men are decorative, lovable, work as little as possible, love to sleep. It is they who have the visions. Meanwhile the women work ceaselessly and form the huge pool of labour, make and hold together by their intelligence and their strength the whole fabric of Russian life. As a natural result, with few exceptions, the top jobs go to the men.

* * *

The apartment at the National was enormous, shaped like a swallow, with the bedrooms at each end, and the drawing room in the middle. It was filled with Biedemeier blond-wood and ebony furniture. If Agamemnon had wished to furnish Argos in Biedemeier, this is what he would have ordered. In Philippe's room there was a mirror on the wall, low and six feet wide, in a frame of porcelain flowers, the width of a herbaceous border. On a pedestal in the living room, a vase with the effigies of a Russian emperor and empress; below this a concert-size piano; and over our heads a painted ceiling of naked ladies, singularly proper, with butterfly wings.

* * *

It would be nice to teach children from an atlas made up of personal geographies, the shape that the South had for Faulkner, the Atlantic City Beauty Queen's Paris, and—for future generals—maps, of unequal importance. What shape had Persia for Alexander? That of a spine, perhaps. Or, at the end of a long year, only that of a palace with a room of polished dark stone, his dressing room, where he could see on every wall his reflection. Then there was the death of a friend and a fire. Evidently the memory of places changes into events. Moscow had for us the shape of three fortresses: the Kremlin, one; the second fortress, the National Hotel, and the wide streets surrounding it; and third, the Hotel Metropole, nicely old-fashioned in a skein of ugly streets.

* * *

We pulled the breakfast table to face the Kremlin wall with, above it, one small golden cupola. We were to spend a good deal of time at this table. The Spaniards used to be thought slow, "Let my death come from Spain, for then it will be long in coming." Let my breakfast not come from Russia, O Lord, for I risk having to wait too long. Anywhere up to an hour. In the elevators, this was the sole subject of conversation among visitors, especially the English.

* * *

We had waited until the light changes around four o'clock to walk into the Kremlin proper, unaware that it is not one building but several, grouped around an inner square: a surprising Venetian palace of faceted stone built by Venetians in the fourteen hundreds, a modern glass theatre, a bell tower, the Great Palace, three cathedrals. White heights and golden domes. Yet the world perhaps has no greater beauty than the Kremlin, this cup of white and gold, lined in snow.

* * *

Our map had other islands: Tolstoy's house, the Bolshoi theatre, the outdoor heated swimming pool with the steam rising in the cold and hiding the swimmers except for a sudden bright-red arm. Philippe wished to try this, but, happily, we had no bathing suits. Convents and smaller theatres in the periphery. The old Naryshkin palace like a house in children's books, the colour of a bright orange, housing a collection of eighteenth-century peasants' and merchants' furniture,

An Irrational Voyage to Russia,

# POETS, PALACES Part II

## BY PAULINE DE ROTHSCHILD

painted in clear clashing pinks, yellows, and blues, with tracings of black or green. Along the river in another quarter the apartment house where Lili Brik, the woman so loved by the poet Mayakovsky, lives with her husband Vasili Katanyan.

* * *

I don't know whether to begin with Lili Brik, who always touched or created legends, and her husband and the people around them, or with our relationship to the Russian Church. In the atheistic Russian world with its sharp sense of hierarchy, perhaps the Lord should come first. Our religious relationships were intricate and involving. They led to our travelling with deacons, lunching in convents with archimandrites and with professors of theology at priests' training centres.

One morning, Philippe was downstairs receiving a visitor. The tall visitor had a thin, suntanned, witty face. He was one of the men who run Intourist. As his office was next door, he had come to see Philippe as a pleasant gesture. When I joined them, he and Philippe had been friends for a long time. The suddenness and completeness of friendships in Russia must be a cause for eternal rejoicing. The visitor asked me if I were enjoying myself and if there were anything in particular I wanted to see. That I was enjoying myself was quite obvious, so I opened a 1905 Baedeker and showed him the names of some eighty churches I wished to see. Churches may or may not vanish, but in crisscrossing a city to search for them one discovers the city's inner, folded-back thoroughfares and secret squares.

This charming man looked carefully at the list and pointed out that two revolutions, quite a few fires, a civil war, and two world wars had gone by since 1905. I said we would particularly like to see the churches that were active and attend some services. He was silent for a moment. Was he faced with the problem of a very religious woman? As an atheist, he knew none of the veiled questions that would have revealed this condition. On thinking it over, he decided to put us in the hands of the Church, to arrange an appointment with a member of the priesthood, and to accompany us himself to the Metropolite's headquarters with our interpreter. (The Metropolite is ranked a little above an archbishop.)

The interview took place two days later in a building resembling Cardinal Spellman's residence in New York City. We were formally ushered in by two butlers and offered morning tea, brandy, caviar, fruit. The Moscow Patriarch, the head of all the churches, was away travelling. We were to be received by his representative. Several popes and deacons were introduced, and we sat around a green baize table. Philippe was given a more important high-backed chair, like a sage. This he politely pretended not to notice. Most of the clergy wore gold crosses the length of one's hand inlaid with aquamarines or amethysts.

The church's interpreter and ours alternated. It was quite obvious that aside from knowing Philippe's name, the Archimandrite had no idea why we had been brought to see him. Was Philippe a representative of the French government? Or of Israel? Or of some petrol or banking interests interested in convents? He settled finally for the representative of France and voiced many forebodings on De Gaulle's attitude toward Germany. Philippe was evasive, balked at some of the foreign-policy hurdles, and finally murmured that he was interested only in things of the spirit. We enumerated the monasteries we hoped to visit.

The Archimandrite suggested that a deacon travel with us and chose Father Nicolas. Father Nicolas knew every church in Moscow and could also accompany us on our travels. Zagorsk was near, but Vladimir and Suzdal, sacred cities, were farther away. Father Nicolas would have far-away churches, closed in the winter, opened and get in touch with the clergy. Father Nicolas, young, tall, with a huge body, had a pink face, and a russet moustache, and the narrowest and smallest eyes, which seemed somehow to protect him.

During the days that followed we would lose Father Nicolas and if we worried, our interpreter, a staunch unbeliever, would say, "He is praying to the god." This enlarged our view of Father Nicolas's fervour but somehow diminished the god, no longer God. Philippe asked what made the church so rich. The sale of wax tapers, he was told.

* * *

It is interesting to be among people who for fifty years (two and a half generations) have had no thought or rather have not been able to think of money. You were given your due, this was decided somewhere, you had no appeal. You might heap up honours and rewards, but money as a form of prestige and power was useless. Today, people usually have more cash than is needed for what there is to buy. Tickets to the New Year's Eve Gala at the Astoria were selling in the black market, among Russians, for $100 a piece. The lack of struggle for money is a privilege in itself, and it was in England the very basis of the aristocratic mind and upbringing. The Russians' evolution may be like Giacometti's: He said one evening, "When I was young, I didn't want to have money so as to be free of it. Now I like to have money to be free of it."

* * *

Philippe had been asked by the Russians in Paris whether he would like to shoot. "I first want to know what they shoot," said Philippe.

Our host said he had had a day's hunting the Sunday before, but the walking had been a little long, twenty miles in the snow "up to here." Up to here was breast high.

(Continued on next page)

# MOSCOW, OF PEOPLE, POETS, PALACES

(Continued from preceding page) The Russian started to speak of bear hunting. The bear sleeps in his cave, sealed in by the snow, settled for the winter. The air comes into the cave through the hollow trunk of a dead tree which acts somewhat like a smokestack. Some scent recognizable to the dogs hovers near the tree trunk. The dogs smell it and start to bark. The bear turns in his sleep. When the dogs keep on barking, he becomes enraged. He hates the dogs and their barking and this eruption into his sleep. To stop them he slowly staggers his way out of the cave. The sportsmen have been set in a wide circle around the tree. The skin of the grey bear is rather beautiful.

The only bears I have ever seen were in zoos eating fish that were too small for them.

* * *

Two Russian women, two sisters, just out of their early youth and beginning their beauty at the eve of the 1917 Revolution. They were as two young mirrors held up to the brilliant new talents that had started their own upheavals a few years before.

As in a grave and beautiful dance, the two become four.

One is Lili Brik, of whom the great Russian poet Mayakovsky spoke incessantly in his poems. The other is her sister, Elsa Triolet. And there is Aragon. Elegant, moody-eyed, he would mock at his fellow men, if it weren't for an extreme sensitivity which somehow forbids this. One of the two greatest writers in France—"if not the greatest," according to those who disagree with him most. He is the recognized intellectual head of the French Communist party, and his following among the young and the Left everywhere in Europe is immense. Elsa Triolet, his wife, is a delightful novelist in her own right, and her eyes are "Les Yeux d'Elsa." ("The Eyes of Elsa," a famous poem, known by heart, that circulated in Occupied France during World War II.)

When you consider that in Mayakovsky's poems the theme breaks and turns to Lili Brik (from the first recognition to the suicide death-message, "Lili, love me"), that in Aragon's poetry and prose there runs like a tide the murmur of his love for Elsa, that there are other works by less requited admirers, all this translated into many languages, then surely these two sisters have been more written about, more written to, more described than any other women since the Celtic imagination invented Isolt. When still in their teens, Lili and Elsa were poet-and-writer finders the way some people are water finders.

In Moscow we went up to the fifth floor to see Lili Brik. A face upturned to greet you, and immediately the golden eyes absorb you. In the "Flute of Vertebrae," Mayakovsky describes her as made-up, red-headed, a small face. She must have worn a great deal of makeup when very young, or when others used little or none, as the word *maquillée* comes back and back about her. "For a long time I was obsessed," wrote Elsa, sailing from Russia in the summer of 1918 with their mother, in a year of famine, "by Lili's face as I had seen it on the wharf: the red-haired head thrown back, her wide made-up mouth . . . the eyes the colour of chestnuts, very round, luminous, illuminating a face of intense almost excessive expressiveness." This is an actress's face. It might be a description of Duse's. Now, the mouth is a little smaller, that is the only difference.

And always, the Russian gentleness. There is about Lili Brik a quick, flickering radiance like that of fireflies. Never much seriousness, except for the all-important business of life: people and the words they use. And the words they write with.

The room is narrow. So narrow that the table is pulled out a little from the wall so that two can slip in between the wall and the table, the others sit around the outer side. A mushroom soup covered with fresh herbs that gave off a light scent is brought in by an old woman, her vague shape wrapped in several printed cottons, with steel-rimmed glasses on her nose. She examines us carefully, and I think we passed the exam, as she smiles. A great reader, says Lili with a little wave. Lili sits at the end of the table and serves every one in turn in the Russian way, with rapid, small gestures. There is some white and red wine, and nice meat ordered by telephone that morning from Moscow's great big store, GUM (whose windows show mannequins of young men in evening dress, very Brooks Brothers, but I did not meet such men in actuality). And a cake possibly; by then we are too absorbed in the conversation to notice.

"How did you survive the Revolution?" asked Philippe. "We were so happy," was the answer. "Nous étions si heureux. And swollen with hunger." There is a poem by Mayakovsky on her face's changing shape.

We have all known listeners, but never a listener such as this. Lili Brik listens when she is not even looking at you, not turned toward you, a habit of the body. The dark-red hair was parted in the centre, a single plait folded over several times and held at the back of the neck by a brown satin ribbon. When she tired of this, she let the plait down, straight down her back.

The telephone rang repeatedly, people asking if they could come. Others would arrive. The small hall, with three rooms giving off it, filled up with coats, fur hats, boots. Andrey Voznesensky, the poet, kept walking in and out. He has a broad, slightly turned nose of the sort travellers should have and a large, flat, pleasant, rather sensual mouth. He decided to sit down and read some poems or rather scan them rhythmically. There was a poem about some women snow-bathing in Siberia, evoking with rapture bright-pink backs, thighs, arms, and breasts, flesh appearing and disappearing in the snow.

One afternoon the actor Cherkasov came in. He was offered lunch, and he accepted. It was then half past four. No one was surprised. He had played Ivan the Terrible and Alexander Nevski in Eisenstein's films. We asked what it was like, working for Eisenstein? "It was like having the bones removed from one's body. He would say do this, do that, you would think it impossible to do. Physically impossible. But you did it." The hands and shoulders and the whole of this long frame moved as would the rag of an actor's body twisted by Eisenstein's will. His power lies in the structure of the mind not of the bones.

* * *

Lili Brik said to us one day: "I would like to take you to the Mayakovsky Museum. The house where we lived, Mayakovsky and Osip Brik." We stopped by for her. She told a story as if in questions, with a sort of fresh, tender surprise. She did not then know Mayakovsky. He had come to see her sister Elsa. Their parents strongly disapproved of these young Futurists who wore extravagant clothes, top hats, and lipstick. So the two sisters had gone out doors to meet him.

While Elsa went for a walk with Mayakovsky, Lili sat on a bench and waited. It started to rain, slightly but steadily. To avoid any parental questioning, she sat on. After what seemed to her a very long time, the two returned, delighted with their walk, effervescent. Lili said to Mayakovsky that should he come to Petrograd, where the Briks were then living, they would be delighted to see him. He came one day, rang the bell, and stayed for fifteen years.

What about Mr. Brik? "He had his own life, but he wanted to live with us." Osip Brik was a technician of literature. He wrote some interesting

essays on the Formalists, the brilliant writers' group of the time. He had the sort of structured mind which could give cohesive meaning to new forms and new attempts and help make them into a movement. The Futurists had turned literature upside down. They were in advance of the Revolution by some five years. When Mayakovsky at twenty-two walked into the stronghold of almost magical talents around Lili Brik and her sister, he met Khlebnikov (the Russian Joyce), Victor Shklovsky, Konstantin Paustovsky, Boris Pasternak, who all liked him so much they were afraid to hear his poetry. One night after he read his poems, the emotion was intense. Here it was, a new voice, the voice of their time. He was to become the Poet of the Revolution. There was no problem for him: "It was *my* Revolution."

Konstantin Paustovsky: *Story of Life.* Victor Shklovsky: *The Sentimental Journey* (named after Sterne), *Zoo or Letters that do not speak of Love.* With Velimir Khlebnikov, a poet-philologist, these writers gave priority to new forms, notwithstanding their extraordinary sensitive talents and total independence of thought. None of this applies to the works of Sholokhov, winner of the Nobel Prize in 1965, to whom I prefer the author of *Uncle Tom's Cabin.*

Upstairs was the small Moscow apartment, today a museum, into which they had moved after the outbreak of the Revolution: the giant Mayakovsky, Lili Brik, Osip Brik, and a medium-sized dog. "You see, nothing superfluous. That was the way we wanted to live then." Built-in sofa-seats covered in cotton stripes. At an angle in the centre, the table at which one ate and talked. Over the sofa, on a high shelf, there were no books then, but pots of flowers which Mayakovsky would bring. Next door in an even smaller room, his desk with the different coloured inks he used for his poems. "Teach the heart the feast of the body," said Mayakovsky.

One morning in winter, he had brought back "for my love, like a visitor, the rarest things in all of Russia, two carrots held up by their green tails and a half log of birchwood."

There was a moment of such clearness and purity of regret that one could ask anything. "Why did he kill himself?"

"Because he could not bear to grow old. He was haunted by this. He killed himself in a room he had taken to work in, near the newspaper, and where he occasionally stayed. We were in Berlin. He had tried once before." Mayakovsky had spoken of suicide in several of his poems, "How easy the trial voyage would be," this "putting the final stop to a line with a bullet." There had been struggles around him, the poison and jealousy that one finds around every great figure. His strength was such and his taste for fighting so great that indeed in this death there was no abdication.

Pasternak, his friend, wrote an elegy and described the mourners, the whole of the great city, those who came to gaze at him after his death at thirty-seven. Pasternak paid him this tribute: "You lay there looking as you said you wished to look, only twenty-two. For the second time, you leaped with the strength of your long legs, straight into the legends of the young."

Teach the heart the feast of the body.

Downstairs in the Museum library were the huge slogans, Cubist and Futuristic in design, that Mayakovsky drew for the Revolution's workers, a sort of chronological history of its needs. "Holy Lord," said an old woman, "what new devils are they making us worship?" Lenin asked the Futurists to decorate Moscow for the first anniversary of the Revolution.

In some photographs Mayakovsky had close-cropped hair or his head shaved; in others, longish hair. "When he was in a bad humour and things were going wrong, he would let his hair grow," said Lili Brik. "When he was in a good humour, he would cut it short or shave it."

The great director Meyerhold staged *Mystery-Bouffe, The Bedbug,* and *The Baths.* "They were not really good for each other, Meyerhold and Mayakovsky," said Lili Brik. "They respected each other too much. The mistake of the one would be blurred over by the other. This was unsatisfactory."

On one wall of the Museum, a huge poster of Lili's face. The same photograph which Mayakovsky used as a cover on his book *Of This.* Of love.

* * *

Once at Lili Brik's, we were to have a sample of the Futuristic views of the Mayakovsky days. Philippe was asked if we were comfortable in our hotel. One thing, he answered, puzzled him. Why had water basins in the bathrooms no stoppers whatever? Bathtubs, yes, but not basins. We had been warned and had brought our own, but it might improve things for tourists if some stoppers were provided. Someone said this never occurred to Russians, they liked to wash their hands with the water running. "It would be simpler," concluded Lili Brik, "if all the hotels outside of Russia took out their stoppers."

* * *

In front of us, a chalk-white wall rising from the snow. Within, nine, perhaps fifteen, churches of different colours: This was the Monastery of St. Serge, in Zagorsk, which includes Troitski Cathedral, the Trinity. The priests walked furiously in and out of the closed doors that partition off the altar, swinging incense or chanting in full and rapid voices like warriors. Along the sides of the church women fling themselves against the ground, kiss it, get up, go to the next icon, again fling themselves down.

We met several priests. We were taken in to a delicious lunch. As usual, brandy was drunk at the beginning. We had several different-coloured caviars, sweet-and-sour cucumbers, an elderly veal, and some little cakes.

Our interpreter, an unquestioning atheist, behaved at first a little like a great lady taken to night spots where she shouldn't be seen. Polite, but indifferent. There was one man who impressed her so much that she would later say, "I didn't know there was anyone like that." He was Bishop Philarete, the young head of the Department of Theology. Two hundred men are in training at Zagorsk, one of the three largest of the religious universities. He had the strong smooth face of a young lion and a dark friendly glance under long straight lashes. After a time spent with him, he gave one the feeling that he was after something he would be a long time in reaching, but that life was long, and that he had the time and the will, and was patient. Life is long, and at the end of it, for some, lies sainthood.

* * *

There were certain questions that we could not ask, because some questions implied a certain criticism. Voluntary or involuntary, this might be well received one moment; not, another.

We were careful, because we wanted to be trusted, wanted our thoughts to be trusted, above all we wanted to be friends. Leave the criticisms and the carpings to others. The defect inherent in their system, how dangerous power can become that admits no criticism, they knew. They knew more examples than we could ever sense.

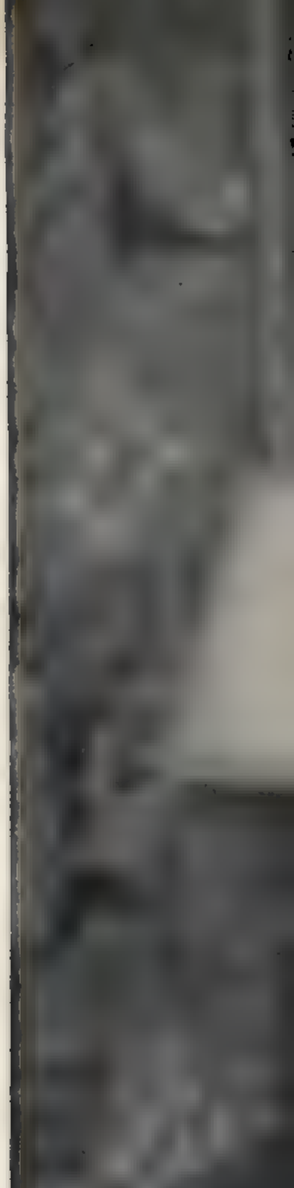
* * *

The Communist Party numbers five per cent of the Soviet citizens. It is more a vocation than a pleasure. Its demands are great. Absolutely necessary if you are planning a political career, it becomes a halter in private life and can disorganize you. If you are a promising young doctor, for instance, just as the number of your patients is increasing, you can be sent to a *kolkhoz* because the government needs argricultural help. Also, if, for some reason, either obstreperous behaviour or normal unworthiness, you are dropped from the Party, doors close. Members of the Party are admired but not envied. I asked (Continued on page 134)

# PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT...

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . Money, with some of the most knowledgeable thinkers dividing their worries between inflation and deflation. . . . The steady flight of nuts who streak across the television screens in the popular programs of Joe Pyne, Alan Burke, and David Susskind, a trio who think that rudeness to their guests is adequate refutation. . . . The smileless humour of Michael Caine in *Funeral in Berlin*, another spy movie that goes best in tandem with popcorn, especially his small, funny sight jokes.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . *Walking Happy*, a bland, cream-cheese kind of musical, with its major pleasure Norman Wisdom, a small British comic with an ill-fitting face, homely, talented, beguiling, who is aided by a bunch of chorus men doing marvellous clog dances. . . . The control of the unexpected, the precision of eye, mind, and finger shown by Henri Cartier-Bresson, a slight, intense man of sensibility, in his remarkable collection of photographs, on exhibition now in Paris at the Musée des Arts Décoratifs. . . . The quick shots of Vanessa Redgrave in the movie *A Man For All Seasons*, playing, without credit, the ravishing Anne Boleyn, precariously floating in love like a glass ball on a fountain jet, yearning to get her new husband, King Henry VIII, alone.



HENRI CARTIER-BRESSON

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . *Inside South America*, the new book by John Gunther, who has written a vacuum-cleaner kind of fascinating compendium on ten countries with his informal and very personal information stretching from statistics to watercolour quick portraits of many leading politicians, with regular off shoots into such large issues as the Uruguayan welfare state in which "a woman with a child is eligible for retirement on one-third of her pay for life at age *twenty-eight*, if she has worked for ten years."

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . *Parsley, Sage, Rosemary, and Thyme*, the new long-playing record with Simon and Garfunkel, who whisk around a cool, winy sound for some of their simmering songs of protest. . . . In London, the ravaging semi-comic hit *Staircase*, the Charles Dyer jousting play in which two aging barbershop "queens" in their barbershop, who have lived together for twenty-two years, now snarl away their life; Patrick Magee plays the weak and fat one, Paul Scofield, the stone-faced one, his long baggy face looking like a St. Bernard that has forgotten the brandy.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . The indiscreet, judicious, amusing, and brilliant book *Inside the Endless House*, a journal on architecture, people, and art by the endlessly inventive artist and architect, the late Frederick Kiesler, who must have laughed all the way to the graveyard. . . . The delicate humours of The Jacques Loussier Trio, who play Bach as jazz—not the first to do so but perhaps the best, for they are serious Bachists, exciting, intelligent, and sly. . . . *I Do! I Do!*, a simple marital musical, painted over with enamel gloss that catches the light of Mary Martin and Robert Preston, the sole performers, as they dance and sing their way through fifty years of sweetened marriage remarkably without incident except for two offstage children and one onstage quarrel that leads Miss Martin into the raucous and needed "Flaming Agnes" number, in which she clowns about wearing an enormous hat with birds of paradise, right for a mistress of King Edward VII.



# EDMONDE CHARLES-ROUX, AND HER PRIZE NOVEL, "OUBLIER PALERME"

The most impressive literary prize of France, the Prix Goncourt, went this season to Mlle. Edmonde Charles-Roux for her first novel, *Oublier Palerme.* François Nourissier, whose novel *Une Histoire Française* won in the same week the distinguished prize given by the Académie Française, wrote for Vogue about Mlle. Charles-Roux:

"Edmonde Charles-Roux is a daughter, sister, cousin, and sister-in-law of diplomats. Born in Provence, she spent her childhood where her father was posted—in Prague and in Rome—becoming multilingual and at the same time sophisticated almost without knowing it. At the French Embassy near the Vatican, she learned to become what she is now: the most Italianized of Frenchwomen, if not the most Parisian of Italian women. Then World War II came; Edmonde enlisted in 1939 as a nurse, worked during the Occupation for the Resistance in Marseille, and in 1944 was assigned to the staff of General de Lattre de Tassigny, whom she followed to the Rhine and the Danube. Later, returned to Paris, she joined the staff of French Vogue, of which she was Editor-in-Chief for twelve years.

"All her tastes, her passions have been translated into friendships. Derain for painting; Christian Bérard for theatre; Gian Carlo Menotti for opera; Elsa Triolet, Louis Aragon, and so many others, for books . . . especially books. For at heart, behind that front of dinner parties, balls, openings, under the discreetly elegant brouhaha of her life was sleeping, growing, waiting patiently Edmonde's only ambition: to be a writer. An ambition to which she always returned. Finally, in 1960, she admitted to a few friends that she had dared to take the great plunge. She had begun to write a novel. With the diligence of an ant, very late at night, each Sunday in the country, during her summer vacation, she tirelessly wrote and rewrote her book, crossed out, tore up, erased. She has thrown into *Oublier Palerme* all that was most secret and most difficult in her exceptional life: Italy, music, the prewar years when she first opened her eyes on the world, the uprooting, her experience as a journalist. This nomad of embassies, this habituée of Aix-en-Provence, of Spoleto, and of New York's Mulberry Street, has written a very beautiful novel about exile, about the inevitable and fruitful battle between the Old World and the New. *Oublier Palerme,* with its cruel pages on the rise of Fascism in Italy, on certain New York milieux, with its love story interrupted by death, with its Sicilian castles, with its fire—of rejection or fidelity?—that burns in the memories of Italian-Americans as it burns in all expatriates, is a superb novel of our times. A book divided between who dies and who refuses to die, between what memory wants to preserve and what it feels it must stamp out in order to survive. . . . The French press has welcomed it enthusiastically, and the Prix Goncourt is making an immense success of it.

"The other evening, at the Elysée Palace, when President de Gaulle had the halls searched for Edmonde Charles-Roux to have a little chat with her, and she entered—very beautiful, her medals almost invisible against the Oriental (or 1900) *ramages* of her gown by Mme. Grès—those who were looking at her did not think simply, 'What a success,' they wondered what surprises are yet to come from the amazing Edmonde Charles-Roux."

# The NEW

Walking down the street ahead of you, in delicious camaraderie, are a boy and girl in their early twenties. His impact is the new one: man romanticized. Hers, despite the pants suit she wears (in cut, a suit almost a twin of his), is the essence of femininity. . . . Interesting, you say to yourself, the girl has broken with the stereotype of "womanliness," and yet her femininity is clearly all there. Carried in some deep and warming centre of her psyche, her femininity is working for her easily. Not only working easily, but *working in some new way*. . . .

A block further on, you pass a young, sad, fat woman in dreary, disoriented dress. Dull hair, dull eyes, closed-in face, joyless. Life's fireworks have failed to strike her psychic streams—why can't *she* have the other girl's luck, you ask; what dreadful thing has worked as antibody to her natural femininity? . . .

You reach your destination, your doctor's office, where the nurse apologizes for a schedule that's running late. When your turn comes, the doctor explains the delay; he'd had to spend an extra hour with a patient to whom he firmly refused the estrogenic hormone pills she had demanded. (He's been prescribing estrogens for twenty years, but felt this woman—an attractive forty-year-old at the height of her energies—didn't need them and shouldn't have them.) "But would you believe it," he asks, shaking his head in disbelief, "she was terrified that without them she'd lose her femininity and lose her husband. So I had to try to talk her out of her panic." . . . Well, you say to yourself, there's a Lolita in every crowd; perhaps she has cause for panic. . . .

Panic and confusion on the one hand. Femininity flowering with new delight on the other. . . . It strikes you that you're witnessing, this very day, a chaos in femininity. In the volatile, eager, troubled stuff of femininity, something's stirring newly. Which, in turn, would mean: stirring within *the definition of femininity itself.*

Bemused, you take from your bookshelf a volume of romantic portraits. If a talent for gnawing at the hearts of men tells anything, then Emma Hamilton, Romney's Miss Universe of the late eighteenth century, was surely it: femininity perfectly defined. She captivated the consummate men of her time; her lover was Neptune, the glorious Admiral Nelson. . . . But there's a question in your mind. Would Lady Hamilton, "ecstatic," "divine," "sublime," "fatal," be such a smash today? Possibly not. For one thing, beauty in the Nineteen Sixties has become *almost alarmingly usual;* a much-savoured but quite everyday commodity. For another thing, Emma Hamilton was lighter than light: she was featherbrained. And in an era when the mind has few hiding places, dullness comes across quicker—and more terrifyingly dull—than ever. No, Lady Hamilton probably would not have done especially well today. And in writing in praise of her brand of what seems now a specious femininity, Ortega y Gasset—so sound about love, but wrong about the qualities that have the power to last beyond their own era—wrote us the one dead letter of his career. . . .

So much for beauty alone, then; today everyone is, or could be, jeunesse dorée. And so much for brains; everyone has to be brighter. And so much, indeed, for femininity declaring itself in the form of a sweet-tooth in clothing. A standard item in classic definitions of femininity, "a taste for frilliness" doesn't stand up altogether. Agreeing that choice of fashion *does* have something to say, psychiatrists agree also that it hasn't the final word. Viz.: the trousers-wearing girl whose femininity has no crossed wires. Viz. also the super-frilly woman with *plenty* of trouble. ("We see lots of cases of frigidity walking in on four-inch heels," you're told by the head-doctor next to whom you sit at dinner that evening.)

Well, then, what's the situation? If the old indicators won't do, what will? If femininity is really changing, how so? Within a new definition, you're convinced, lies a new and workable femininity.

"The human body is not a thing or substance, given, but a continuous creation. . . . The human body is an energy system . . . never static; is in perpetual inner self-construction and self-destruction," says Dr. Norman O. Brown in his latest voyage, a book called *Love's Body*. . . . Ceaseless energy, ceaseless activity. But these fail to check out with the immemorial symbol for femininity which was always and forever passivity; a circle dissected horizontally to represent "the passive female element." . . . How does passive femininity fit into the energy system? . . .

This "activity-passivity" thing is a trap, you're told flatly by a woman psychoanalyst whom you query on this point. Possibly for the modern woman, she continues, it is the basic trap; the big-time trouble-maker. Any woman today trying to act out the antiquated image of passive femininity is in for trouble and unhappiness. Activity *is* life; people who are alive have energy—and energy, science has now come to believe, *is something that needs to be used.* Psychosomatic ills result if it isn't used. "The fact is, passivity is death, literally." . . . A fragment from a sixteenth-century mystic's exhortation goes through your head: "*Our life is as a fire dampened, or as a fire shut up in stone. Dear children, it must blaze, and not remain smouldering, smothered. . . .*"

# Femininity

## *What it is... what it isn't... what it means to you*

Science, then, has exposed passivity as a danger: no fire, no life, is the corollary. . . . But if science is so astute, why hasn't it made us richer in our femininity? . . . Because: femininity is never a finished product. Neither, for that matter, is science, but it's trying—trying with, among other things, biochemistry; with the hormone revolution; with handy little estrogens.

To hear the estrogenic-hormone extremist tell it, femininity is now a push-button matter. Take a pill and you're feminine forever. . . . In a laboratory-issued pamphlet you've taken from your doctor's mountain of reading material (a pamphlet which in your private mind you've retitled Marjorie May's Forty-fifth Birthday), you see this statement: "Estrogen is what makes a girl a girl. It shapes the tone of your voice and moulds your outlook and personality." Granted. But exactly what feminine thing does that girl-shaped voice actually *say*, you wonder; what feminine attitude is articulated? What is *within* that outlook which, true enough, according to your doctor's assurance, is indeed affected in its femininity by the presence of adequate estrogen in the system—and true enough can, if depleted, be helped back to health by an estrogen-replacement pill?

If you look and listen, and of course you do, you're struck by an obvious inconsistency: if femininity is all that automatic, that easy to adjust with estrogens, then who on earth is that dull-eyed woman who has unquestionably thrown in the sponge? And who are all those others? Those others, whose femininity isn't working for them—the nice woman with marriage trouble; the intelligent adolescent in severe psychic distress; the sexually reckless; the sexually cold; the bitterly jealous; the brutally competitive; the woman consoling herself with food, food, food; not to mention the woman whose gift for giving pain is only exquisite? . . . And, to look at the totally other side of the coin, to be accounted for is the European woman of a certain age who, without the help of estrogen pills, has always managed difficult situations with manifest delicacy. (If femininity is an art, then surely she is the poet of the movement.) . . .

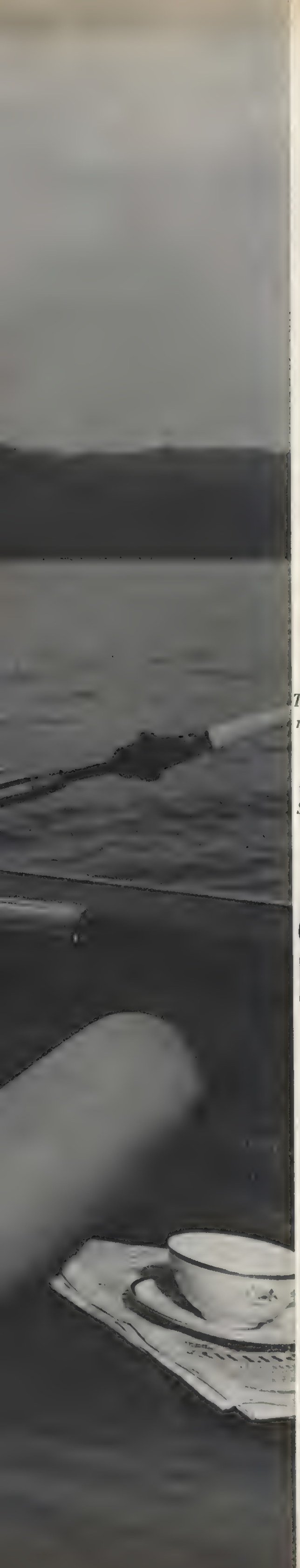
Your gynecologist's reply to the estrogen question is settling. Estrogen is good; can be miraculous. But pill or no pill, you won't be feminine forever *if you were feminine never*. Then, ascertained of your attention-span, he says he is about to make a pronouncement, and does so: "The site of femininity is in the psyche—nowhere else. Femininity is in the head. It is mind-made and mind-destructible." And it is marvellous, too. The feminine psyche is a most powerful director of the glands. And to show you how wonderfully whole and of-a-piece women are, he adds that the commonest cause of menstrual irregularity is in the psyche. "When a woman's femininity—her ego, more specifically—is threatened, it is quite usual for her menstrual cycle to perform erratically. And conversely when a menstrual cycle or menstrual flow perform erratically, and there's no physiological explanation, an area into which you inquire is the head."

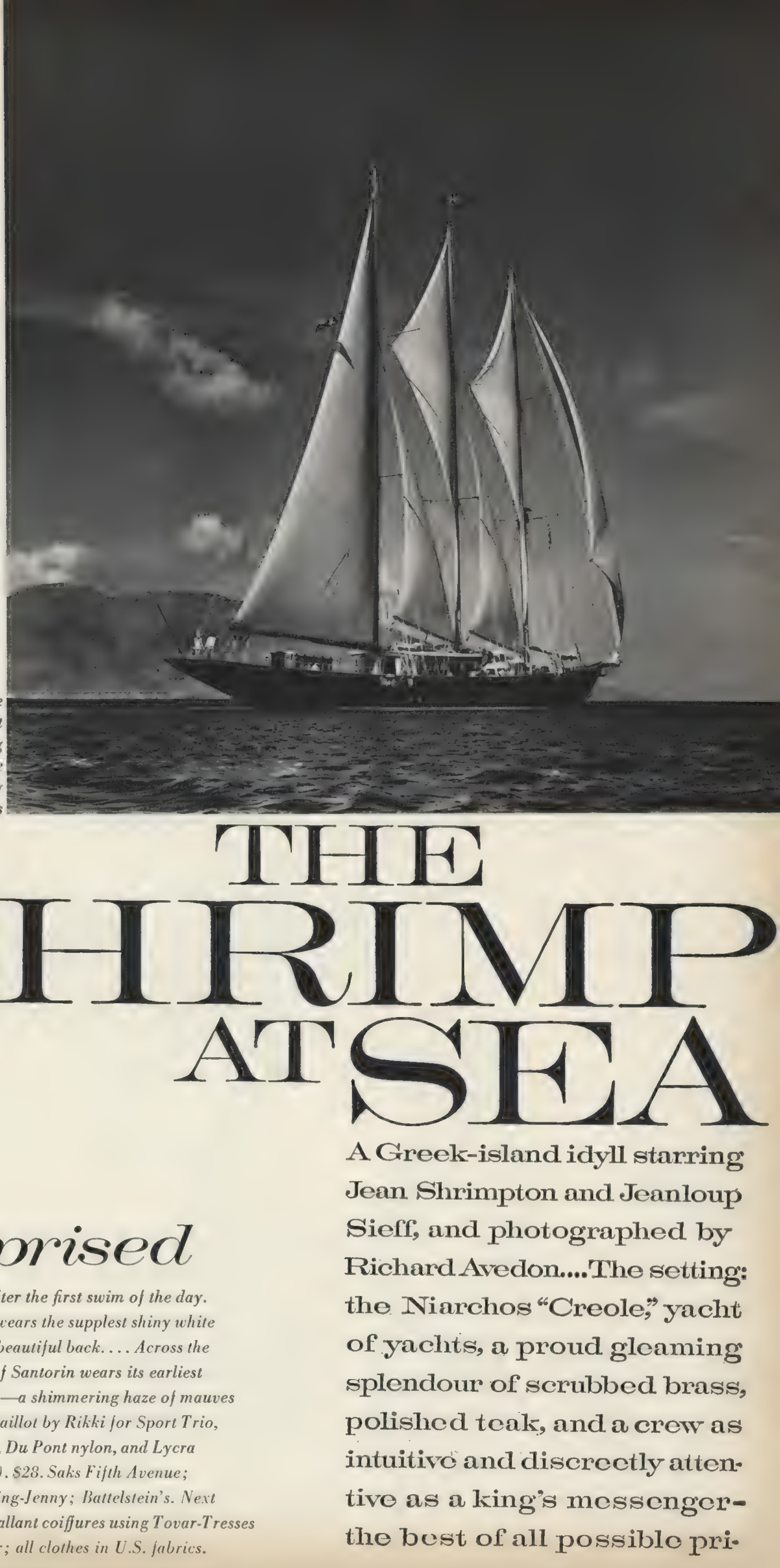
But couldn't estrogens—a good, stiff course of them—shock into action the psyche of the sad, sad girl or despairing woman?

No, it seems. There are a lot of fuddled young women, and the fuddlement is in their heads and in their backgrounds. When you see a girl who has gone *beyond* rebellion—lank hair, dirty clothes, lacklustre eyes, joyless—you can be certain she is denigrating herself; her trouble is in her psyche, not her glands, and it's complicated. A psychiatrist would say: there's terrible anger; somewhere along the line, her sense of worth was not ministered to as it should have been. And there's a good chance that her mother, unconsciously or not, gave the girl too little encouragement about how good it is to be a woman. She may have been sending psychic messages saying: stay out of *this* ball park, it's no fun. Or even: if you want to hold me and have me love you, don't try to compete with me in anything. . . . A girl needs a great deal of individual encouragement if she's going to grow up strong. . . . "But when it comes to rebellious clothing, don't be too harsh on the rebels. Whenever the crazy dirty outfits have been accompanied by alert and interesting minds, the rebels have had their value. *Someone* has to be on the lookout against stagnation." . . .

If you're a woman, the world's your cradle. You tend it with love. Into it you put—with an eye for evolution—any idea that occurs to you under the hair dryer; anyone and anything that catches your eye and mind. Like it or not, the young girl in the pants suit has been claimed for your cradle, so you ask the doctor one final question, with this girl in mind. Does estrogen have a rôle in her radiance? The birth control pills everyone's said to be taking are, after all, estrogens. . . . No, again, is the doctor's answer. That girl may be taking birth-control pills, or she may not be taking them, but if her femininity is working for (Continued on page 136)







*The "Creole," the most magnificent private sailing vessel in the world, owned by Stavros Niarchos*

# THE SHRIMP AT SEA

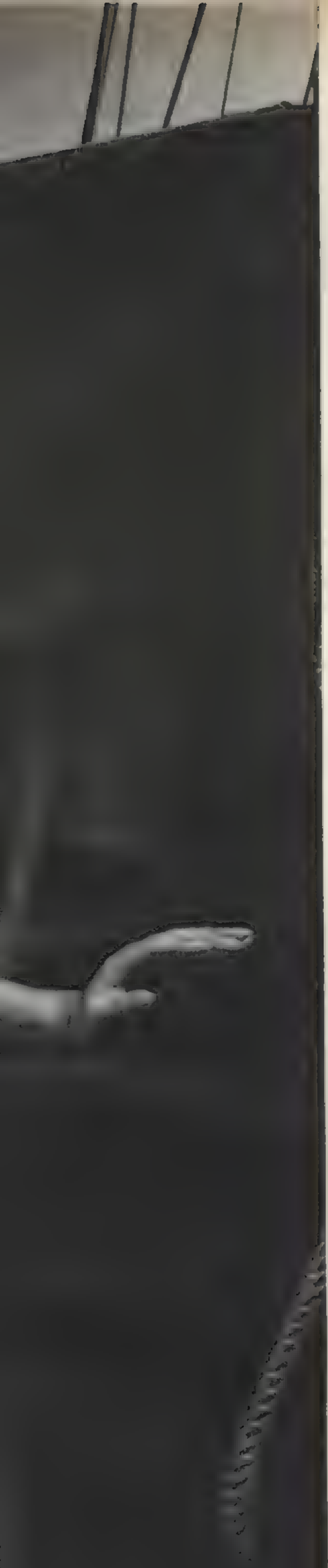
## A Greek-island idyll starring Jean Shrimpton and Jeanloup Sieff, and photographed by Richard Avedon....The setting: the Niarchos "Creole," yacht of yachts, a proud gleaming splendour of scrubbed brass, polished teak, and a crew as intuitive and discreetly attentive as a king's messenger—the best of all possible pri-

## *surprised*

*by the camera after the first swim of the day. . . . The Shrimp wears the supplest shiny white maillot— and a beautiful back. . . . Across the bay, the island of Santorin wears its earliest morning colours—a shimmering haze of mauves and pinks. . . . Maillot by Rikki for Sport Trio, of Antron nylon, Du Pont nylon, and Lycra (Liberty Fabric). $28. Saks Fifth Avenue; Hutzler's; Gidding-Jenny; Battelstein's. Next 18 pages: Ara Gallant coiffures using Tovar-Tresses wigs of real hair; all clothes in U.S. fabrics.*

AVEDON







*after a late swim off Delos, when just this much cover is enough—the briefest of white crêpe floats with a loose, low turtleneck collar and a jagged picket-fence hem (the points all tucked out of sight in this photograph). By Wilroy, in nylon-crêped tricot (S. Edward fabric); about $26. At Altman's; Sakowitz.*

## *languor*

### THE SHRIMP AT SEA

continued

vate worlds floating between lapis skies and sheer blue-and-emerald Aegean waters, around the most beautiful islands anywhere.... The clothes: masses—change being one of the joys of cruise life: change of look, of coiffure... of mood.

## *larks*

*on deck . . . Beatles playing . . . both Jeans swaying. Jean the Loup in whites. Jean the Shrimp in a Greek-goddess tousle of ringlets and a mini-mini flutter of white, deeply plunged and lightly gathered. Dress by Lynn Stuart, of double-knitted Caprolan nylon (Robbins Mills fabric); about $30. At Arnold Constable; Joseph Horne; Burdine's. All clothes, in U.S. fabrics.*



# ballgame

*à deux on the "Creole's" brushed teakwood deck, where to bounce around shoeless is to be barefoot in heaven. . . . The Shrimp adds a top of blue-and-white stripes, brass-buttoned white sailor pants. By Gregg Draddy. Top, Celanese acetate (Widder Brothers fabric), about $10; Dacron twill pants (Winston Mills fabric), about $25. Both, at Altman's; I. Magnin.*



# venus observed

*In the bow of the "Creole," "she wakes up, makes up. . . ." The Shrimp, left, mimes her favourite Beatles-snatch of "For No One." . . . And maybe takes up the which-wig-next question; in the cruise life, many are wanted, many taken, all worn. With a flowing white jersey djellaba—Greek-goddess curls, yes? . . . Wilroy nylon djellaba (S. Edward fabric); about $55. At Bergdorf Goodman; Halle Bros.; Frost Bros.*

# spectator

*the sports, white clad in the white white museum at Delos, before an archaic Kore. . . . Ribbed white cashmere turtleneck, by Dalton; about $40. Bonwit Teller. White cotton-duck jeans by Lynn Stuart for Pantsville, of West Point Pepperell fabric; about $12. At Bloomingdale's. Both, also at Neusteters.*





AVEDON

# *contemplation*

*of the contemplator…his eyes on her, sundressed in ivory duck with straps crossed over the back; hers on the statues of Cleopatra, the Athenian, and her husband, Dioscurides…at the House of Cleopatra, in Delos….Ginori dress of Haven Avril-and-cotton; about $26. Bloomingdale's; Julius Garfinckel; Joske's Houston.*

# muse

*at Delos . . . near the entrance to the temple of Heraion, the Shrimp T-shirted in turquoise-and-sand stripes, wrap-skirted in a grain of sand-colour denim. By Boe Jests. Alamac cotton knit shirt; about $7. Vycron-and-cotton skirt (Designer fabric). About $14. Lord & Taylor; Gus Mayer; Montaldo's. Battaglia espardrilles.*



# sirtaki

*...the deck's jumping. Cast, crew...everybody dances the Greek dance—the Shrimp in a dress made all of white ribbons. By Junior Sophisticates of ribbon embroidered on point d'esprit About $110. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Hutzler's; Gidding-Jenny; Neiman-Marcus.*

CREOLE
R.T.Y.C.

CREOLE
RTYC

# gold light

*and blues to infinity—in the ruins of a Roman villa at Delos, the colours of Greece at dusk....Shrimp-blues: striped voile shirt with a tucked front; denim mini-dirndl full of bounce and pockets. Shirt, Lady Hathaway by Martha Hobson, of Dacron and cotton (Cohama fabric). About $15. Craig Craely skirt in denim of cotton and Celanese acetate (Cohama fabric). About $13. Both at Lord & Taylor. Shirt, also at Hutzler's. Skirt, also Joseph Magnin. Burmel scarf.*

AVEDON







# quiet spaces

*in the stern of the "Creole," in the lee of the wind—heavenly for turning out the world . . . for napping . . . for wrapping up in the simplest satiny white robe. This, by Perfect Negligée of nylon (William Winkler fabric); about $50. Bonwit Teller.*

# secret places

*Caught dipping by telescopic lens, our escape artists in one of Santorin's hidden coves. . . . Approach by shirtdress—short, white, tabbed and tied, with slits in the hem, cuffs turned back. By Craig Casuals, of Concord Arnel-and-cotton. In junior sizes. About $23. At Lord & Taylor; Julius Garfinckel. . . . Off comes the shirtdress, and the printed maillot comes to light—pinked-up coral and black tossed with abandon. By Brigance for Sinclair of Du Pont stretch nylon and Lycra (Liberty fabric); about $25. At Lord & Taylor; Hutzler's; Gus Mayer.*

# high places

*In covered white cotton babied with blue-ribbon latticework, the Shrimp—barefoot and ringleted at the church of Paraportiani on the white island of Mykonos. Of the 365 churches here—all white, all alike—this, on a white, white-foamed cliff, is the loftiest. . . . Anne Fogarty dress, Samuel Ehrman cotton; about $65. At Lord & Taylor; The Addis Co.; Rich's; I. Magnin. All clothes in U. S. fabrics.*

AVEDON





*White churches, white windmills, white houses—on a narrow whitewashed street in the white white island of Mykonos, Jean Shrimpton frisks barefoot in…guess. Scrubbed white cotton, opposite. like a baby's camisole, banded with yards of pale ribbon. By Eloise Curtis for David Styne; Samuel Ehrman fabric. About $90. End of February, at Henri Bendel; Gidding-Jenny; Frost Bros.; J. W. Robinson. Below, baby-sleeved white piqué with eyelet touches at the waist and hem—this innocent abroad by Ellen Brooke for Sportswear Couture, of Dacron and cotton (Galey & Lord fabric): About $100. Lord & Taylor; Montaldo's; I. Magnin.*

# white on white



AVEDON

# homeric

*Our stars at sunset—she, briefly shirtdressed in thin white wool—overlooking the volcanic bay of Santorin, deeper, richer, bluer than any blue ever dreamed . . . Homer's wine-dark sea to the life. On its white-frilled surface, the "Creole" waits patiently. Tacked above his radio, this note in the "Creole" radioman's own hand: "The life demands of everybody to have patience, nobility, willingness, honesty, simplicity to the words and works and specially disposition and love to the life."*

*Abe Schrader dress, of Hockanum wool crepe, loomed in America. About $90. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Gus Mayer–Neiman-Marcus. Lady Heritage scarf.*

# *fun*

*Night life in the Plaka, Athens: clutch of tavernas at the foot of the Acropolis . . . pop out of one, hop to another . . . laugh, drink, be merry, for at night— everybody Lives. This is the look: silvery checks in two mini-pieces and a titanic lei of cockleshells. Dress by Annemarie Gardin of wool, Mylar, and silk (Couleur fabric). About $175. At Henri Bendel; Nan Duskin; Woodward & Lothrop; Sakowitz. Michael Hie shell necklace; to order at Henri Bendel. Shoes: I. Miller Galleria (we added the bows).*

AVEDON



# sea-lapped

*The Shrimp, wrapped for wading near Athens—straight, bared-back, Arab-boy cover of green-whipped white piqué, under which lurks the tiniest matching bikini. By Elisabeth Stewart (Rubin, Levine cotton). About $26 at Bloomingdale's; Rich's; Himelhoch's; I. Magnin.*

# the sunion caper

*From Poseidon's temple, they've stolen grapes—sweeter than wine. . . . Getaway gear: sure-footed espadrilles and a speedy little white chambray shirtdress, tucked and buttoned in front. By Cole of California, of Cone cotton; about $15. At Bloomingdale's; Julius Garfinckel; Joseph Magnin.*



AVEDON





AVEDON

# *girl-watching*

*And they're all something to see: the caryatids by moonlight...the Shrimp in Greek-boy wig and fresh, bouncing white—top squared under the arms, dirndl banded at the hem. Two-piece dress by Sloat, of Arnel and Avisco rayon (Leyton fabric); about $85. At Bonwit Teller; Hudson's; Famous-Barr; I. Magnin. U.S. Kedettes shoes.*

**TÉΛOS** *the moment the Greeks have a word for: The End...the "Creole's" voyage over.*





It was May in Monte Carlo, and for once the famous Grand Prix car race through the streets of the town, a spectacle as improbable as Hollywood, was overshadowed by the world's greatest, most super-colossal spectacle of all—namely Hollywood itself.

Did the real race promise fifteen race cars speeding around the houses for three hours? Hollywood had fifteen racers of its own speeding around the houses for fifteen days. Did the race promise famous drivers? Hollywood was paying most of them more money to appear in its race on film than they would earn in a career full of Monaco races; and the Hollywood racing cars, being sham, were a good deal safer to drive.

Did the race promise crashes? It did not, nor did any occur, but Hollywood not only promised a spectacular crash in advance, it staged one. If the resulting blood came out of a bottle, there was nonetheless enough of it to satisfy the most morbid. Did the race produce lawsuits? It did not, but Hollywood got involved in about four of them in a single week, all unrelated.

In short, the big loser of the Monte Carlo Grand Prix was the race itself, which will never seem quite so unique again. Hollywood, here personified by Director John Frankenheimer, Star James Garner, and a crew of two hundred, put the whole gorgeous race and its jewel-like setting in the shade —and then did the same to most of the rest of the world's great car races last season.

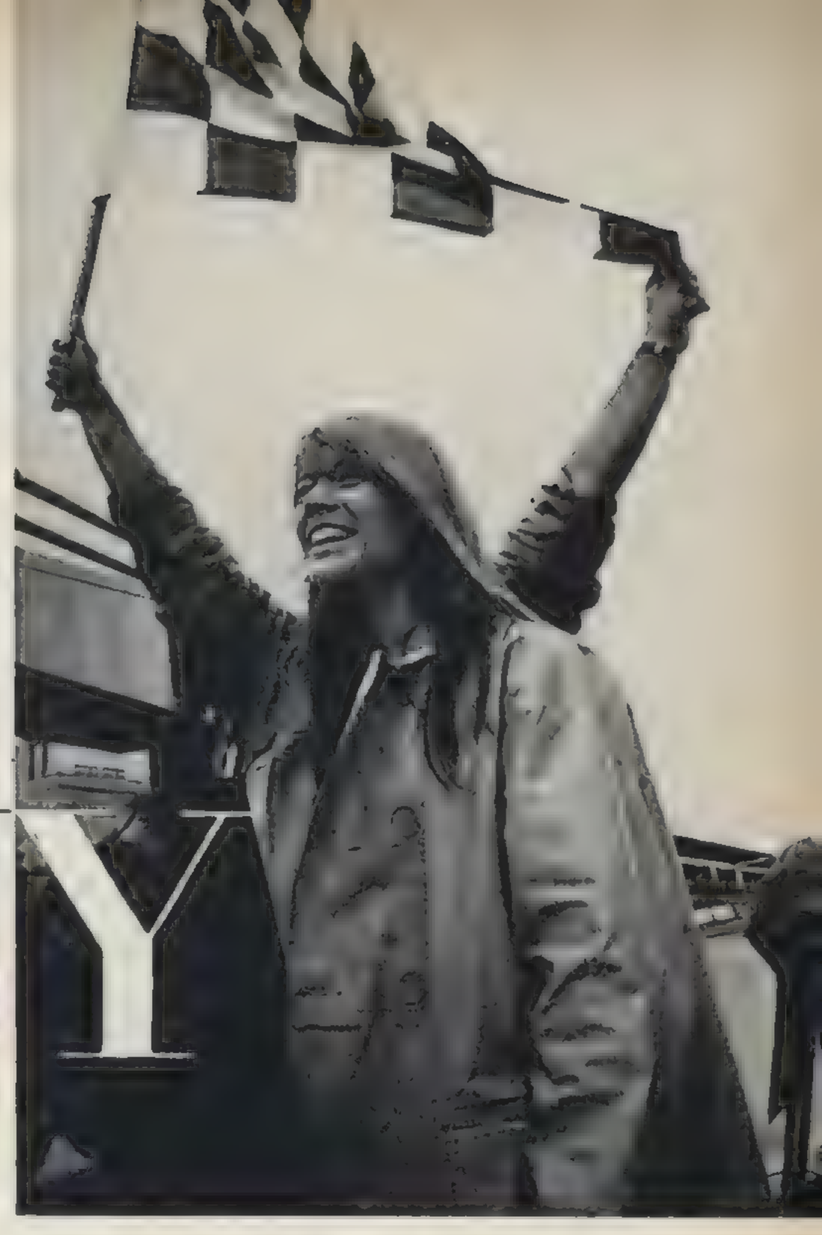
Eight of these Grand Prix races would appear as background in *Grand Prix*. Each is the premier race of a different country. Each awards points every year toward the Drivers' World Championship. Each is the focus and fascination of Europe's upper crust (and now middle class, too), and the appeal has spread to America and the Orient as well. One of the newer races on the calendar is the United States Grand Prix at Watkins Glen, New York, and there is much pressure to include a Japanese Grand Prix in the series next year.

The Grand Prix cars are 170-mph, open-cockpit, single-seater machines, projectiles on outrigger wheels. They are the lowest, sleekest, most sophisticated machines ever built, and they compete at great expense in only about ten races a year. They are beautiful and deadly and faster over varied ter-

WHO WINS IN "GRAND PRIX"?
JAMES GARNER, STAR, LEFT;
JOHN FRANKENHEIMER, DIRECTOR, ABOVE;
AND FOR YÉ-YÉ, FRANÇOISE HARDY, TOP RIGHT.

TERENCE O'NEILL

# RACE IT LIKE IT WAS, BABY



## "GRAND PRIX": THE CAR RACE, THE MOVIE, AND THE RACE TO MAKE THE CAR-RACE MOVIE

BY ROBERT DALEY

rain (such as Monte Carlo's streets) than any hot rod or dragster or sports car ever built. And of course the men who drive them are the best and bravest drivers alive.

In other words, on a worldwide basis, Grand Prix racing is "in," one of the sophisticated sports of our times, and this is the appeal Frankenheimer is counting on for the economic health of his film. For *Grand Prix* is an $8-million, full-length epic in Cinerama which was shot entirely on location in eight months, was concluded at the Italian Grand Prix at Monza, Italy, last September, and then was edited, scored, and put into distribution by Frankenheimer before Christmas—this is fantastically fast moving, and there is a story behind that, too.

The movie starts with the Monte Carlo race, and Frankenheimer's cameramen turned in twenty-five hours, count them, twenty-five hours, on it. About ten to fifteen minutes of this footage would reach the screen, and spliced into it would be various stage business, especially a spectacular, if improbable, collision between James Garner and Brian Bedford, teammates in BRM cars. Garner plays a wise-guy American (what else), and Bedford a dedicated Britisher who is trying to lap his wise-guy teammate. But Garner won't move over, their wheels touch, and this precipitates Bedford's car into the cliff in a one-hundred-mile-an-hour crash and Garner's car into the Mediterranean at the same speed.

To make this crash, dummy cars with dummy drivers in them were fired by Milt Rice, the special effects expert, in a straight line (the wheels were locked) by a kind of jet propulsion of compressed air exploding out the tails. Actually there were three models used. One was shot through the barrier into the water as a test of the amount of pressure necessary to achieve 100 mph in 100 feet. Then the second model with dummy was shot into the water, while seven cameras rolled.

Finally the third car with dummy was aimed at the cliff wall. The famous American racing drivers Phil Hill and Richie Ginther, who served both as actors and technical advisors, worked out (from knowledge of how much air pressure was being used, and experience in what racing cars generally did in crashes) where the car would finish up, and Frankenheimer redeployed his seven cameras. Milt Rice then fired the car, which unexpectedly climbed ten feet up the cliff wall before crashing to a stop inches from where Hill and Ginther said it would, exactly at the foot of the final camera, whose tripod it broke.

So far so good. Brian Bedford, oozing gore, replaced the dummy with himself. Frankenheimer ran over with the blood bottle—a plastic, squeeze-deodorant thing—and squeezed blood all over the place. Then, with cameras grinding and other race cars booming past (the race, cinematically speaking, is still on), a troop of real Monaco firemen, led by David Maurice, a real flag marshal who had already yanked ten real drivers out of wrecks at that spot in the past eight years and who thus knew his rôle to perfection, ran up and "cut" Bedford free. Unfortunately, with Bedford lying "unconscious" in the wreck, some of the real-life firemen overdid things and began yanking the car to pieces to free him. Since this particular car was completely fake, it came apart rather too easily, exposing the fact that it had no engine, no gear box. Still, Frankenheimer thought he could use most of the scene as intercuts, and, in any case, it could not be done over, the car being by now totally dismembered.

This crash is the key to *Grand Prix*, for now Garner takes up with Bedford's wife (Jessica Walter), in one of two adulterous relationships out of three love stories in the film; the third couple also lives in sin. And, having been fired by the BRM team because of the crash, Garner also must find a new ride, which he does on the Japanese team owned by Toshiro Mifune, who is known as the John Wayne of Japan. Later the duel for the world championship comes down to a struggle between Garner and Bedford, the latter only partially recovered from his Monte Carlo injuries and taking leg injections against the pain as he is lifted into his car before each race.

After the collision, Garner is fished out of the harbour, and Bedford is run across the road on a stretcher, and the two of them on the same launch are rushed across the harbour to an ambulance. Garner is shaken, but walking; Bedford is three-quarters dead; and as the launch docks, the English actor Jack Watson, owner of the BRM team, and the Irish actor Donal O'Brien, pit manager, push through the crowd that has gathered, Watson screaming at Garner that he has no guts and is finished as a racing driver.

A complicated scene. The launch bearing the moribund Bedford and the shaken Garner kept coming in and discharging its passengers over and over. As the scene was lined up for the fourth time, a Monaco merchant, Georges Voorzanger, operator of Le Nautic bar on the port, pushed through and blocked the cameras with his body and those of his committee. He screamed that Frankenheimer had had the streets closed off for ten days, that he was losing a fortune because patrons (Continued on page 113)


THE MICRO
MINI-SKIRT AND
FRANÇOISE HARDY



## GRAND PRIX

(Continued from page 111) could not get through the roadblocks to his bar, and that he and all the other merchants had had enough, and wanted to be paid damages or they would injunct the film.

Frankenheimer's great charm came on. He got the guy partially quieted down and promised payment, but Voorzanger wouldn't get out from in front of the cameras.

At this point Garner, who, for the sake of realism, had kept jumping in the water so as to stay soaked, leaped onto the quai, stuck his face to within inches of the frightened Frenchman and bellowed: "I'm freezing my ass off out there. How much money do you want? I'll pay it myself. Now I'm gonna count sixty, and you better get your ass out of here or I'm gonna throw you in and hold you under. Get going. You hear me? Get going."

Cowed, the Frenchman slunk into the crowd, all the while advising the extras to "wave at the camera, spoil the movie, they're nothing but foreigners and they are ruining us poor small businessmen."

Before the extras could soak up this idea, Frankenheimer yelled, "Roll 'em," and here came Jack Watson and Donal O'Brien shouldering through the crowd to the ambulance once again. But Watson had the misfortune to pass too close to Voorzanger (he thinks it was Voorzanger); anyway, someone planted a tremendous kick in the English actor's buttocks, which left him limping for two days.

I sat over dinner with Ken Purdy at my hotel, the splendid new Voile d'Or, overlooking the tiny harbour of Saint-Jean-Cap-Ferrat. Purdy had just finished working on a car-racing film for Director John Sturges and Star Steve McQueen, to be produced by Warner Brothers.

Purdy was very worried about *Grand Prix* now that he had seen several days of shooting in Monte Carlo: "I'm going back to London and tell Sturges that it is absolutely essential that we come out first. Frankenheimer is going to have the most visually spectacular footage on racing cars ever shot. Unless his cameramen were shooting with covers on their lenses, he can't miss." But Steve McQueen was sixteen weeks behind on a movie, *The Sand Pebbles*, which was being shot in Hong Kong, and so Frankenheimer would have six weeks head start.

The two movies had been engaged in battle, legal and otherwise, for eighteen months. An (Continued on page 140)

*The* Grand Prix *girl and the dress that takes the* prix: *it's the two-piece knit, micro-mini-skirted, mini all over. And don't overlook the knee socks—they're what make the proportions come out right every time.*

Opposite: *Black to the hipbone, where a wide patent belt rests shiningly, then a smidge of wavy black-and-white stripes—*c'est tout. *Knitted of Chemstrand nylon. The top, about $8. Skirt, about $15. At Altman's. Orlon-and-nylon knee socks by Bonnie Doon. Shoes by Golo.*

Left: *A handful of stripes—navy on white—and a low wide belt (we've added a dotty white one; it comes with a belt of navy-blue patent). This two-piece mini-knit, of Wamsutta ribbed cotton. Ben King belt. Mini-knits, both pages, by Joseph Ferrelli for Manhasset Casuals.*

WILLIAM KLEIN





# BEAUTY *bulletin*

## WHAT THE NEW HAIR ACTION IS ALL ABOUT

**Cut it to the quick. Or let it grow like mad. Or have it fall somewhere in between. Whatever, see to this: that your hair has never been thicker, or more full of energy in its life. This is the basic plot-line, really the whole story of the oncoming look. . . . The look is gloss. It's glory. It's health re-energized. It's every strand for itself, loaded with highlight and personality. It's a look of plenty. Hair *riches* are what you're after. . . . Only when you have that firmly in your head (and have it growing out of same) are you ready to discuss curl. . . .**

**Is curl coming back to hair? No. *Bend* is. Action is. A spontaneous vitality is. And, on occasion, a new kind of twirl—not curl—is. At the ends of the thick, gleaming hair you grow in 1967, there'll be a change. The ends won't just stand there, they'll do something. They'll turn; turn around, in some cases; turn into gatherings of plump clusters in still others. What they'll begin to get away from is a look that's stalk-y, rigidly fixed, glazed to stiffness. . . .**

**If you've been peruking your hair and mean to go on doing so (and there's no reason why not), this will be the 1967 difference. There'll be more lift all around, and the finish at the back is apt to be a collection of clusters rather than a knob. . . . If you've been wearing your hair long and intend to go on this way (again, no reason why not), the 1967 change could go as *left.* Barely curly, slightly furled. Or as in the Eye View, page 49. Voluptuous little bundles of hair (to any one coiffure, there'll be several such, meandering in length). . . . If your most workable hair-length is a between-length (again, in perfectly good standing), the 1967 difference will be in this. Instead of looking fixed, glazed, *done,* the new thing is a look that's looser and a little more un-even. Instead of coming across as merely nicely-*shaped*, it should look as though it's hair in magnificent shape. . . . And if you have your hair straightened, a process that's brought many heads of hair into the realm of manageability for the first time, there will be *this* 1967 difference. The** **(Continued on next page)**

### *Quiet turn of hair: Mrs. Gregory Peck*

**The little turn that makes all the difference—**
**the healthy action of the burnished-brown hair of Mrs. Gregory Peck.**
**A woman *engagée* as well as boldly pretty, the former Véronique Passini embarked upon a journalism career at age eighteen,**
**dropped it eleven years ago when she interviewed Gregory Peck in Paris.**
**"The longest interview on record," she likes to call it.**
**She continues to interview Mr. Peck and their two children at their house in Los Angeles; in their villa at the south of France;**
**all over the world on location for Mr. Peck's movies and his other projects (last year his rôle as National Chairman of the American Cancer Society took the Pecks to twenty-seven U.S. cities).**
**To keep her hair swinging in the turned-under flounce, Mrs. Peck puts it up dry on large rollers (the Kenneth salon currycombed her for this photograph).**
**Her hair-health formula, taken internally: "apples, raisins, avocado, honey."**



BERT STERN



# BEAUTY *bulletin*

## THE NEW HAIR ACTION

(Continued from preceding page) straightening will begin further away from the scalp in order to preserve the natural energy immediately at the hairline. And, at the tips, there's likely to be less bluntness; even straight hair may get treated to some sort of flounce at its hemline. . . . (Incidental warning: Most hairdressers agree that you can't subject your hair to both streaking and straightening. Make up your mind which of these processes does the most for you.) . . .

Enough detail to un-curl the word "curl"? . . . You'll see, throughout the pages to come in Vogue this year, the new varieties of action-hair. . . . Hair determined to go against gravity and toward ebullient health. And as you work with your hairdresser towards the look that works for you, keep this in mind: anything that looks reminiscent is wrong.

Now, then, the time has come to draw a distinction between the treatments that put your hair in a state of health. Specifically, to draw a distinction between the hair-conditioning lotions that are, at the same time, hair-setting lotions—versus the deep-working, restorative conditioning-treatments. The latter involve a scalp pack; usually are issued in a tube, not a vial; usually require at least twenty minutes to do their job (though some have been known to work in less time); usually are done only occasionally (whereas the conditioning-setting-lotion combo is used at every setting). Almost any experienced hair salon will know what you mean. The password for this kind of treatment (to go back to one of the original protein packs that's well known) is Restor's restorative pack. And there are other good ones, but this clue will get the idea across. . . . Next issue of Vogue will go on with the action-camera—and tell how U.S.A. hairdressers are dealing with the new hair-activity. . . .

## *Vicomtesse Jacqueline de Ribes ....Did she? No, she didn't.*

See the Vicomtesse de Ribes, *left,* in long hair, mini-skirt. Then see her, *right* and *below,* in wig by Alexandre, whom also see *below* demonstrating the whereby of the new back bangs.

The woman noted for having a face "pure school of Fontainebleau, the most French face one could possibly find," frames that face in splendid ways. . . .

At *left,* she's taken to hair plus flexy fall, the better to go with her crocheted, silvered sweater, her velvet mini-jupe, her silvered stockings, all of which went to the Paris opening of The Cage.

*At right,* she's succumbed to the tendrils of Alexandre, curved swerve arrived at by leaving a small wig thick at the roots, thinned at the ends, courtesy of ancient Crete (Alexandre's inspiration) and scissors (Alexandre's instrument). "Everything looks like claws," said the Vicomtesse of her apostrophes. "What happened to your long hair?" said, apprehensively, the Vicomte before he realized the Vicomtesse's short hair was a wig.





WILLIAM KLEIN





# SUN SPARKS

## FOR THE GREATEST FIGURES UNDER THE SUN

On these four pages, bathing suits that wrap, cross, bare the greatest figures going. Every one sleek as a fall of water on a lithe, toned body. *Far left:* Like flashing black sand—a maillot with a crossed halter neck baring a small streak of skin at the bosom. To shine in the sun anywhere, starting now. Catalina. Ban-Lon knit of Du Pont nylon and Lurex (Berman fabric), about $25. Franklin Simon; Wanamaker's, Phila.; Burdine's; Liberty House, Hawaii.

*Left:* Smooth black velours maillot clinging to the body like a sleek second skin. With a high-strapped neck slashed dead-centre—back bared to the sun. By Jantzen, of cotton, Estron acetate, and Lastex, about $19. At Best & Co.; Rich's: Joseph Magnin. All four pages: Coiffures by Ara Gallant. Dynel hairpieces by Tovar-Tresses. On these four pages: all U. S. fabrics.

BERT STERN

*Left:* Petal cutouts fanning out at the back of a black maillot that's drawn up to the collarbone in front. DeWeese. Estron acetate, cotton, Lycra (Warshow fabric). $25 at Lord & Taylor; Woodward & Lothrop; Bullock's-Southern California. *Right:* One-shouldered maillot streaked with asymmetric maroon-and-gold stripes stretched diagonally on the body. By Brigance for Sinclair. Of Du Pont stretch nylon (Edmos fabric). $23 at Lord & Taylor; Julius Garfinckel; Burdine's. *Far right:* Asymmetric black-and-white stripes wrapped around a bikini that bares a long sleek stretch of sun-browned skin. By Brigance for Sinclair. Of Du Pont stretch nylon (Forum print). $23 at Peck & Peck; Neiman-Marcus. Wrapped goggles by Bernard Kayman.

# THE GREATEST FIGURES UNDER THE SUN




DE ROSNAY

# IN MAURITIUS: FASHION FOR THE ISLAND LIFE

On the island of Mauritius in the Indian Ocean, purple volcanic peaks jut sharply into a bright blue sky, flamingoes and tamarinds flourish, and clear, bold prints like these look wonderful. Under French rule for a hundred years, the island was the setting for *Paul et Virginie*, a famous eighteenth-century romance. *Above*, fording a palm-fringed river, a black-and-white asymmetrically-striped dress that can be worn long at night, shortened for day; the long panel of hem tucks through the high waistband in front—and lengthens with the hour. About $90. Altman's; Jordan Marsh, Florida. Monet earrings. K.J.L. and Napier bracelets. *Left*, carrying sugar-cane, sari-clad Indian women of Mauritius; and a visitor in a long-or-short dress of red-and-white geometric print; the hem loops up to the knee or down to the ankle—and hooks to a front fastener. About $90. K.J.L. earrings. All, at Bonwit Teller. Dress, also at Jordan Marsh, Florida. Both dresses by Jon Haggins, of Enka Crepeset nylon. Print designs by Tom Isbell for Ettinger & Kopp.

# IN MAURITIUS: THE WANDERING HEMLINES

Here, on the palmy island of Mauritius—three dresses with charmingly unpredictable hemlines: zigzagged, rippled, or streamered. *Opposite:* Dancing to the music of Indian *tamburas*, a little float of black and white, diamond-patterned like a jester's motley—the hem slashed in diamond points. *Above:* Wavy red stripes on a white mini-tent; wavy hem that follows the stripes. Irene of New York turban. Both dresses: Guy D by Leo Narducci, in Enka Crepeset nylon. Print designs by Tom Isbell for Ettinger & Kopp. Each, about $55. At De Pinna; Sakowitz; Best's Apparel. Monet and K.J.L. earrings, at Altman's. Golo sandals. *Right,* in a village square: Red-and-violet chiffon streamers, fluttering over a red-and-violet silk shift. By Eloise Curtis for David Styne, in junior sizes. Print Direction fabric. $110. Available February 1. K.J.L. earrings. Both, at Henri Bendel. Sandals designed by Albanese for Emilio Pucci. Bracelets by Monet.





# DIANA PHIPPS IN HER LONDON HOUSE: RADIANT, ROMANTIC, WITH CHARM TO BURN

Diana Phipps is what all men love in the European woman. She seems to have come through a time machine from the eighteenth century. She could have been a Frenchwoman with a fascinating salon, the inspiration of kings and generals, or more particularly, of a Chopin or a De Musset. Actually Mrs. Henry Phipps is a mélange of nationalities: Czechoslovakian with Laresch lineage through her father, the late Count Leopold Sternberg, with Danish, Scottish, and Spanish blood through her mother, the former Countess Cecilia Reventlow-Criminil. Her husband, the late Henry Phipps, was American. Now she absolutely belongs to London and London belongs to her. Her house is a centre (Continued on page 133)

In her London house, Mrs. Henry Phipps, *left,* wearing a long Balmain dress in the rose-red library hung with sketches, photographs, paintings. *Above,* with her daughter Alexandra, in the entrance hall, with one yellow wall a guest book of signatures—Jocelyn Stevens, Alberto Sordi, David Bailey. *Right,* an abundance of soft blue-and-beige cotton Paisley in Mrs. Phipps's bedroom. The canopy curtains hang from a wooden cornice, swirled, plumed, covered in chocolate-brown velvet.

HENRY CLARKE





# DIANA PHIPPS

Mrs. Phipps, *above,* cooking in the flower-bright kitchen, which, like every room in the house, she designed and decorated. *Left,* the drawing room, walled, tented, the furniture covered with a staple gun by Mrs. Phipps in black, brown, and white striped cotton caught with wool braid. Over the mantel, a Raeburn portrait, "The Arrogant Midshipman." *Left below,* a pair of rare Italian cherrywood chairs made for Admiral Nelson's flagship, "Victory." In one corner, a black-lacquer and gold-leaf Chinese Chippendale cabinet. On the marble table, *right below,* memorabilia, with a drawing of Mrs. Phipps's great grandfather, Count Leopold Sternberg, and right, a small watercolour painted for him by Empress Maria Theresa of Austria.

HENRY CLARKE

# VOGUE'S OWN BOUTIQUE

OF SUGGESTIONS, FINDS, AND OBSERVATIONS

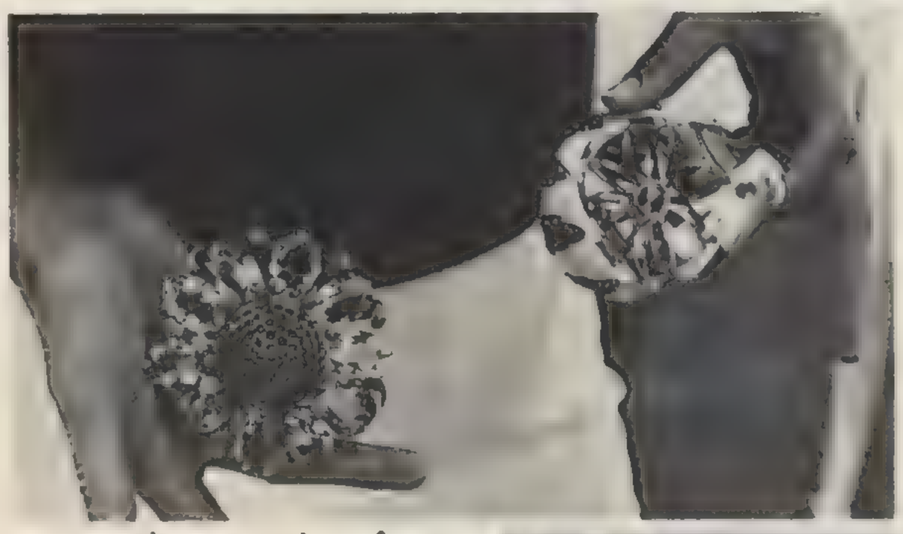
***Palm Beach:*** ***The boutique of big, bold, beautiful bijoux.***



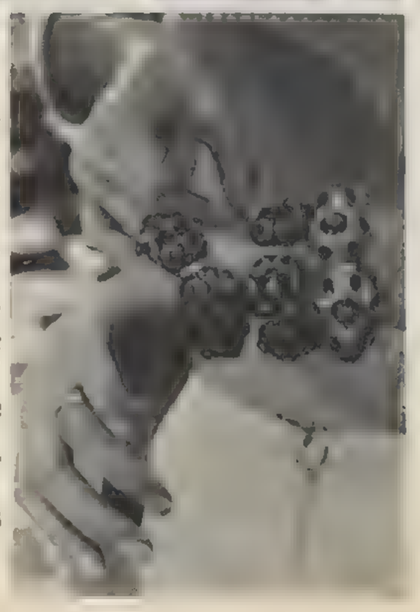
Its address, #343; it's new, it's one of the smallest of the niches in the walls of Worth Avenue, and it's the only place in the world where you can find the big, stone, bang-bang-bold, massive, imaginative jewellery designed by Bedford Davie (left). What started out as just another interesting hobby—designing jewellery for Mrs. "Dysie" Davie, using gems from his great private collection of great stones—is turning into a full time, impressive business. A particularly beautiful spécialité of Mr. Davie's—creating paperweights like this one (right); the shaft of green Burmese nephrite tipped with gold; the cap—a huge egg of a Brazilian beryl, like clear amber bottomless water—clasped with a fretwork of eighteen-karat gold sculpted in Florence, and sharpened ovals of darkest blue lapis found in Germany. About $1,100. And another Davie fascination—reproducing fabulous Fabergé, but exact. The nephrite jade letter cutter (right)—the handle exquisitely enamelled in royal gold, white. $625. Mrs. Davie (below), wearing her "Sputnik" bracelet—a huge 88-gram Bombay topaz sunk into one gigantic ball of ivory shored up with flutes of eighteen-karat gold. $675. Right, below, the delicate underneath of "Sputnik," and Dysie Davie's "daisy"— Japanese topaz petals sprouting from a centre of dark Spanish topazes. $450. Far right, a bracelet of Indian semiprecious stone seals, sunk in gold, $1,200; a topaz gold knuckle of a ring, $675. And, near right, three of Mr. Davie's really reasonable enamelled bracelets, red or green or amber, with garnets —$325 each. . . .













JACK ROBINSON

# London: Whispers from the seraglio



MICHAEL COOPER

Or maybe it's veiled glances from the casbah—anyway it's ravishing, seductive fashion, heavy with the luxury of the Middle East and all right there to acquire in two London boutiques—you see, not *all* is mod in this snappy fashion town. . . . Right: Rory Davis in harem pyjamas puffed and clasped to show a shapely calf. In black and white Indian silk, $95. Malabar Trading Co. Ltd., 311 Brompton Road. Left: Charmian Stirling looking splendidly seductive in a flow of pleated black chiffon ribboned with lots of wide gold braid, $84. Thea Porter Decorations, 8 Greek Street. Below: The most divine caftan—mysteriously fluidly art-nouveau-y pattern printed on crinkly chiffon—a swish of gold braid, $100. Thea Porter Decorations, 8 Greek St.





# Rome: Revelations

Countess Consuelo Crespi stopped in today to give us these snippets of fascinating fashion information: "Black accessories are dead. Everyone wears shiny marron crocodile handbags and shoes, with black. Some of the best-looking shiny marron handbags come from Roberta or Fendi. One wears all the marron accessories exactly the way one used to wear black accessories. . . . Scarlet . . . if I see anyone else wearing scarlet, I will scream! Everyone in Rome wears scarlet. Starting in the morning—from the children's school sweaters—to the ballgowns in the evening. . . . The Piper-Market—a sort of supermarket-sized Paraphernalia and the only one of its size in Rome—is doing a terrific business. In fact, it is the only place outside of movie houses where the police have to keep the people in line waiting to get in. The teenagers bring their guitars to amuse themselves with while they are waiting a long time to get waited on. . . . Rivers of corals. Everyone wears masses of corals wrapped around neck or wrists . . . yards of inexpensive coral from Apa on the Piazza Navona . . . a colossal amount costs 25,000 lire (or $40)." . . .

# New York: Ruffian caps

are what's clamped on to two of the most irresistible heads currently shoo-shooing around town. Françoise Hardy (below left), here to puff for her new flick *Grand Prix*, found the properly raffish black corduroy riverboat captain's cap in Stern's basement—41 West 42nd Street. $3.15. . . . Marisa Berenson (below right) spends the winter under a beret, any one of the dozen she owns. By Betmar. $2. Gimbels, Main floor, Herald Square. . . .





HOGENBOOM



More on next page

# VOGUE'S OWN BOUTIQUE *Continued*

## *Southampton: A scrapbook of summer fun*

Aahh—memories of a lovely summer. It's nice to think about it right about now . . . everybody looked great . . . would look just as great in the south sun now . . . we went barefoot almost all the time, especially in the evening . . . joined the every-afternoon, on-the-beach volleyball game . . . shade from the sun in wide-brimmed Adolfo Panamas, or Azuma shapeless foldables . . . we all wore navy and white, or pale blue by day, and drifty see-through print floats by night . . . and took up water skiing and trampoline tumbling with such a vengeance . . . remember how Jane looked in the Army-Navy sweatshirt the California artist Pentel-painted just for her?



*Jane Holzer and Peter Stark at the trampoline.*



ORATOR WOODWARD

*Left: Four beauties in navy and white. Left to right: Mica Ertegun, Graziella Lobo, Chessy Rayner, 'Ginger,' and Linda Hackett.*



*Above: Mrs. Holzer.*

*Below: Mr. Holzer, Anyés Milinaire, at the water ski.*

*Below: Volleyball at the Leonard Holzers'.*



*Right: Louise McGregor in her Azuma hat. Below: three graces; left to right, Chessy Rayner, Graziella Lobo, and Mica Ertegun.*



*Below: Marchesa di Montezemolo in blue, with her red telephone.*







HOGENBOOM

## *Diana Phipps*

(Continued from page 127)

of Middle European people, plus English. Diana Phipps prefers to have people come to her, rather than her visiting them. She is very much at home.

Her admirers, who number in the hundreds, describe her as calm, relaxed, cosy, interested in everything and everybody. All ages receive her message. She is not a threat to women only because she has no desire to be, and she makes all men, young and old, feel devastating.

Diana Phipps looks very lazy, she moves in a slow way, and yet she is the centre of lots of movement. A musical voice, with a definite Middle-European accent. A lazy slow voice. She is a good listener, not at all the chitchat type of person.

Diana Phipps's blue eyes are soft, emotional, hypnotic. An abundance of brown-blond hair. She can do anything with it. In the daytime she wears her hair long with a fringe. No makeup. At night she changes completely, arranging her hair in a theatrical way like Lady Macbeth or the Mucha posters of Sarah Bernhardt.

"I would love to have dressed in the style of the eighteenth century, but I am not sure I would have liked to live at that time. I know exactly what suits me. The only patterns I wear are Pucci—his materials and colours are divine, but otherwise I prefer one-colour clothes—theatrical, strong colours. Pale pink is the only colour I can't bear. But really I prefer to be in costume. I am always trying to get into a different time."

Diana Phipps has a passion for serpents, especially in jewellery. As all her friends know she loves serpents, she gets, as presents, bracelets, rings, and whatever serpentine objects are to be found. She has other collections —of frogs, of eggs, and of paintings, many of herself done by friends.

She likes rich colours, overwhelming things. Her house is not young, although she is a very young woman, it's the house of an older person. Many family things, which give a Czechoslovakian feeling of the twenties—an atmosphere that helps to induce people to come to her. Her house seems full of incense with Rigaud candles burning all around.

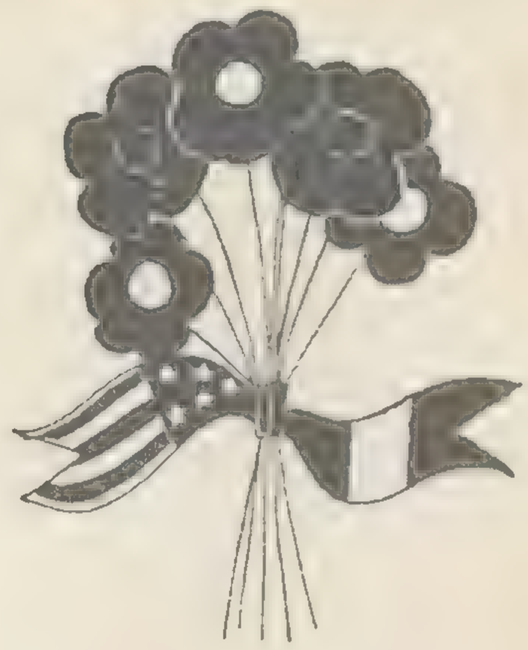
Generous and relaxed and easy, Diana Phipps attracts young talents, who group around her. The only thing she has no patience with is people who are boring or who are bored. "I love people who are doing things: painters, journalists, actors. When I invite people to dine, I like each person to represent an interest, preferably with nothing in common with the others'. There is nothing more dreary than people who are discussing the same subject. It becomes like a business meeting. So, contrary to what people think—that when people don't match each other, they will be bored—I think they will be fascinated."

In half an hour Diana Phipps can plan a superb dinner with no strain at all. She entertains continually, both at lunch and dinner, although she said: "I much prefer evenings. At lunchtime I love to go into the kitchen and pick up anything." The number of guests often mushrooms out of control, but "for conversation, I think the best number of guests is six, but sometimes that means no one will have a chance to talk to anyone in particular—there will be general conversation. Otherwise, ten is good or even twelve, because one can keep it in control—but larger than that number, it becomes a free-for-all."

At her dinner parties nothing looks formal, it's pleasant, cosy, never overdone. One talks because it's interesting. Although one wouldn't think of Diana Phipps as an intellectual, intellectuals surround her. She reads, plays music continuously on stereo both in the library, downstairs, and in her bedroom, upstairs. She especially likes Bob Dylan, Dionne Warwick, any new French pop singers. Then, too, she races to Covent Garden or Sadler's Wells to the opera, especially if it's Mozart, or to the ballet. Mrs. Phipps has always seen every new play or new film within the first few days of its opening.

Diana Phipps says she's lazy, and yet she has a busy life. She has an active household, and

(Continued on page 137)



# VOGUE'S 26th PRIX DE PARIS

These are Thesis topics for Prix participants who have received notice from Vogue that they are eligible for this stage in the competition.

• • • • •

*Select one of the following questions, and answer in 1,500 words or less.*

1. If you could choose five contemporary writers whose work you would like to see in Vogue, whom would you select? Explain why you have chosen each writer, and suggest subjects for articles by each of them.

2. You have been given a year of grace, a year in which to do just as you want to do, go just where you please. Plan that year, and explain your plot. Would you want, for example, to do graduate work, travel, follow some personal pursuit? Be sure to be specific about places, and ideas, and what you expect to accomplish.

3. What's In and what's Out in your circle of friends right now? Tell what's fun-and-games, what's frowned upon at this stage in your life —in fashion, in gimmicks and gadgets, in songs and in humor, in books and diversions.

Your typewritten Thesis must be received by February 6, 1967. Mail it to:
Prix de Paris Director,
Vogue, 420 Lexington Avenue,
New York, N.Y. 10017

## *Russia*

(Continued from page 85)

why one nice woman we knew, of no great interest, wished to become a member of the Party. "Because she is stupid," came the answer.

* * *

Pavlosk was built by Catherine the Great for her son Paul, later Czar Paul I, who had great taste in the decorative arts as well as intense interest in soldiers' uniforms. His widow, the Empress Maria Fedorovna, after the murder of her husband, continued the decoration of Pavlosk. She wrote down so carefully in her diary the aspect of every room that, after World War II, the restorers simply followed the number of armchairs noted, or the place of the ivory desk, of the ornaments, of the Chinese porcelains.

The outside of Pavlosk is a little disappointing, but inside begins enchantment. The Louis XVI mouldings are overrun with carvings of flowers, cornices and mouldings of roses and jasmine everywhere, delicate silk embroideries of flowers on the furniture. There is a set of armchairs, looking like swans floating, with enormously elongated arms, the lean swans' gold necks, executed by the French Maître Grosset, from the designs of Voronikhin, a serf of Prince Stroganov who had freed Voronikhin to allow him to study at the St. Petersburg Academy, where serfs could not enter. Pavilions are scattered about in the park; Countess Tolstoy walking there one day met a man who impersonated nightingales for the Imperial family. He was very disagreeable, said the Countess.

The Empress did not like to sleep in her bedroom but haphazardly, in a favourite drawing room or where the end of the evening found her, the scented water (a sleep inducer) at hand, someone quickly throwing on a sofa the cover of lightest down encased in white linen that replaces sheets in Russia.

Beds play little part in this country. There are no great beds, no Charles the Second heights carved and scrolled, no silver bed with the King's face and the head of a hound like Nell Gwyn's, no Elizabethan wooden enclosures, no ostrich feathers as for the French court. Beds must have been considered extremely temporary and, in themselves, of little interest.

* * *

With two exceptions. An iron cot, once Lenin's. And, in Goncharov, the bed of Oblomov, who wasted his life in his, but that is a bed in literature, and another story.

A story that could not, we trust, be written today. The State discourages idleness. The poet Joseph Brodsky was sent to cool his heels, because, runs the accusation, he was lazy and refused to earn his living. He was warned and continued without employment.

The idea of being punished and sent to prison for not taking seriously the task of earning one's living and preferring to write poetry offers wonderful possibilities of dialogue. Brodsky read his poems at evening reunions. From the report of the Committee on Young Writers' Work, it is clear he is not a poet. This accusation and verdict accentuate the impression that the whole country is a gigantic boys' school, where no one, ever, comes of age.

Another poet is publicly taken to task in the press for using too complicated forms in his poetry. The censors are right. They watch. Within new forms hides the anarchy of desire, the spirit wishing to break through.

* * *

Pavlosk was gutted. The Soviets accomplished in both the towns of Pushkin and Pavlosk the most enchanting and complete restorations, even to the decoration of rooms that had been planned in their day in detailed watercolours but never executed. The brilliant restorers, the most gifted of their craft, with unlimited means at their disposal, have decidedly overlooked restoring the faces of the last generations of Romanovs. You do not see their portraits anywhere. Faceless, bodiless, erased.

* * *

We saw houses built in the bad period before 1917 by the nouveau riche merchants, such as the house that shelters the French Embassy in Moscow. These houses mostly look as if built by happy and wanton dogs, mixing their styles, and rollicking about for the fun of it. Two businessmen bought the Matisses in the Hermitage in Leningrad and the Gauguins in the Pushkin Museum in Moscow. Who else in Europe was asking Matisse before 1912 to paint a nude dance for his family hall?

* * *

There is a colour cleavage between two generations. The older women wear putty-coloured clothes, identical in tone, and no makeup. The young women make up their eyes early in the morning, wear brilliant kerchiefs or plaids over their heads, coloured dresses under their coats, which are sometimes of an amusing imitation fur.

Maurice Baring wrote somewhere that the ideal bookcase would be that into which you could plunge your hand in the dark and bring out something you wanted to read. The Russian mind is like that.

Russians are much aware of another vague region, no one's birthplace, ambiguous and ambivalent, called the soul. If you could plunge in your hand, you would surely pull out something of great service that would shine for you or comfort you in more difficult or empty moments.

A very odd thing happens in conversation with Russians. It is the presence of what is left *unsaid*. Anglo-Saxons and Latins politely suppress any outward awareness of the subject to be avoided. And again, through courtesy, one tries to blot it out or push it into the back of one's mind.

Here, the avoided is frankly present in the conversation. As Baring also said: "Quickness of apprehension of the Russian mind is such . . ." that every utterance is keyed to the missing subject. For instance, if a man has just been left by his wife, her name is not mentioned, but her presence is recognized in the conversation as one discusses the pain the children may feel, the drab summer in view. Nothing is passed over by tact, and yet it is so deftly done that an onlooker would never know one had just touched the ghost.

It is curious what a good interpreter makes of you. You become an intense watcher, a listener listening just a little too carefully, the way actors do. Two people, the one who just spoke and the one who will be answering, are watching each other's faces. Hardly ever, the interpreter's. The one is seeking in the other the reason for the words, their other meaning. This gives the conversation a strange leisure, yet tightens it below the surface. At least in Russia.

* * *

It is extraordinary what eye makeup does for the young Russian face. Without it the girls would have unlit, uncharacterized faces. But it is sufficient to elongate the eyes, to vaguely darken the lids, and you have a bone structure. Laughing or sleepy, sometimes luminous faces, gossiping.

* * *

The architect of the St. Basil's Cathedral near Lenin's tomb was an Italian, although it is a Petrushka cathedral. Russians took care of the inside decorations. If you enter through a side door, a wall suddenly blocks your path, a painted wall.

Matisse was in Moscow in 1911. Some of his backgrounds for women—white, patterned with red flowers or outlined in black, with almost circular curves; on some canvases, a painting within a painting—here they are in front of you.

* * *

The Russians are a nation of chess players. One has the feeling that, at different times, there has been an interesting game to be played: staying alive. They are out of the heroic period, but one ought to see them while the bloom of pride is still upon them.

It is curious that the government has not yet realized that the best export, the most shining, winning picture of Russia lies in its fresh new talent. (The freshest writers, not necessarily the young ones.) The admiration of other countries goes not to what is said but to the way it is said. Better one Joyce, better one Faulkner than dulcet tones that leave no trace.

The reason the writers Sinyavsky and Daniel could be

(Continued on page 135)

## *Capote Party*

(Continued from page 53)

astonished that everyone knows who she is.

. . . Adolph Green, who has just clicked his heels together from sheer high spirits, being told, "You dance just like Fred Astaire," by a pretty passerby who turns out to be Adele Astaire Douglass.

. . . The detective, hired to guard the ladies' jewellery, who falls in love with the ladies, especially Lee Radziwill, and ends by asking to dance.

. . . Beverly and Norman Mailer making a dance of balancing on an imaginary tightrope.

. . . Lynda Bird Johnson's Secret Service men who, in black tie and black mask, look more like Secret Service men than ever.

. . . The sixty-carat diamond dangling over the bridge of Princess Pignatelli's nose, and the grab-the-stone-and-run look that comes over everyone who sees it.

. . . A young actress saying, "*That's* Lynda Bird? But she's *beautiful!*"

. . . Kenneth Galbraith, dancing through the crowd holding a silver candelabrum.

. . . George Plimpton, taking the candelabrum on the move, like a one-hand pass, and carrying it on to . . . whom?

. . . Lauren Bacall Robards and Jerry Robbins dancing so well that no one could resist stopping to watch.

. . . A circle of people dancing around a chair with Norman Podhoretz in it.

. . . Pamela Hayward looking regal and smashing in the only real ball gown in the place.

. . . Harry Kurnitz, totally recognizable with his eyeglasses on over his mask.

. . . Truman Capote in a thirty-nine-cent mask from F. A. O. Schwarz, introducing everybody, looking after everybody, having a very good time.

. . . A member of the Soul Brothers rock 'n' roll group assessing Barbara Paley: "Wow!"

. . . Kay Graham dancing with Truman's apartment-house doorman—who served as official invitation-checker in a dinner suit rented by Truman—and being thanked by him for "the happiest evening in my life."

. . . Glenway Wescott surveying the scene from a balcony, remarking with surprise that "there are so many intellectuals."

. . . Frank Sinatra with Mia, the Cerfs, and the Haywards, using his old friends, the Secret Service men, to get his group out the back entrance at three A.M.

When the music stopped at three-thirty, the many remaining guests looked surprised and stayed to talk. Reluctant to leave each other and let the spirit go, some went off to all-night restaurants. Truman thanked each one as if he or she alone had made the party, and wandered off down the hall, looking much too boyish and serene to be a major writer, much less the perpetrator of a ball selected by the Museum of the City of New York—along with a party for General Lafayette, a dance given by the City for the Prince of Wales in 1860, and George Washington's Inaugural Ball—to live on in its archives.

A first-rate mind rarely devotes itself to the creation of a social event. But when it does, Watch Out.

## *Russia*

(Continued from page 134)

given such severe punishment, out of proportion to the infringement of legality, is that the very thought of ridiculing your country abroad is unpopular. The artist is exceptionally privileged (physically) at home and only a very, very small percentage consider him to be morally without obligations. A man like Tvardovsky, who courageously publishes talented if unorthodox writers in *Novy Mir,* does more for the advancement of freedom than anything surreptitiously published abroad.

The Russian condition just now is that of ambiguity. They wish for liberty and are afraid of it. They wish for comfort but can not face the disparity of rewards in a freer economy. They would like the world to be in their image, yet they know that the struggle for a fair livelihood is one thing, the struggle for the mind another. They hesitate.




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## *The new femininity*

(Continued from page 89)

her so strikingly, it is not just estrogens, either her own natural ones or exogenous ones, that are doing the job. And it is probably not even sex per se. True, acknowledges the doctor, this girl was born free of what has been described as "an education in selected reticences and shames." Just as another generation was raised on Shredded Wheat, she grew up on the ABC terminology of sex. But the young in fact complain they've been subjected to a surfeit of emphasis on sex. A British study of sexuality among the young came to the conclusion that if a like survey had been undertaken thirty-five years ago, its findings would not have reached results widely differing from those of today; and in this opinion, the famous new Sex and Morality report of the working party of the British Council of Churches, concurs. . . . "So I don't think that's the answer. More likely—almost assuredly—it is simply because this girl has a good strong feminine sense of what most men's hunger is: a hunger for genuine interest, genuine concern, and for appreciation *communicated.* This girl is probably using every feminine warmth and candor to feed that hunger." . . . *Communication.* That had seemed distinctly an aspect of the camaraderie you'd witnessed. You remember a statement you'd once read and found electrifying: "*In the deepest level of the unconscious we find not fantasies, but telepathy.*" . . .

If anyone has telepathy, it's the young; that's evident. Telepathic bodies. Telepathic feet. Car-crazed or not, they love walking. They drive to a given point and then walk on; have mass migrations on foot (Newport has to live through that, summer after summer). Dressed up in their latest gear, the young take a walk at a certain hour and toward a certain destination that can only have been arrived at by some mystical bond in the blood. Their walk is a creation; a recreation. What it is is that time-honoured amulet against the evil eye of loneliness: the classic European *passeggiata,* revived. To the *passeggiata,* performed each Mediterranean evening with every man, woman, child, cat, and dog in the locale participating, it is certain that many a European town owes its health, happiness, and faultless communications system. . . . To the new *passeggiata,* the warmed new brand of femininity may also owe a little something. . . .

So: the evidence mounts. The new femininity is more active physically. Is in better communication. Is easier in its bones. . . . To fill out the romantic portrait Romney never painted, you ask a woman psychoanalyst to speculate about other details of this happier, working femininity. . . .

Agreeing that sexual liberation is a too-facile try at an answer ("in fact, all this emphasis on sexuality is excessive; people don't die if they don't have sexual fulfillment, it's not like food or water"), the psychoanalyst speaks of another change in the United States that could be a factor in femininity's tentatively-observed better fettle. Namely, the material change since pioneer days.

"Life was so hard in those days there came to be an over-emphasis on material security and an under-emphasis on emotional security." This persists, she adds. And as the cost of living *is* high, attention to material security is a reality. But with the relentless hardships generally behind us, more attention is being paid to the quality of life, rather than to its bare necessities. Certainly an exploration is under way, exploration of the enjoyable, exploration with the senses; creative exploration of life's texture, its possible content and delights. "And this is something the European woman of aristocratic training has always understood." Observing that the woman of this milieu is being subjected to a campaign to make her seem passé, the psychoanalyst comments: Whether or not this woman is dispossessed of her standing, her tradition is of present consequence because bred in the bone of that tradition is a sense of what the quality of life could be. This includes the quality of appearance, interest in the man, charm, a talent for creating an environment and for creating life—and a responsibility to all of these. . . .

Another stimulant to a new femininity might also be this, you're told: the gradual easing of women's own denigrating attitude toward themselves. The *increase* in their own sense of worth. ("It is a type of racism to call women the inferior sex," André Maurois said recently.) . . . Then why aren't there more great women painters and scholars, asks the face in the semi-darkened auditorium. . . . "We don't know what the potential may be," is the answer. All we know is that creativity is no phenomenon of gender, and that society has never organized itself to give women a full chance. . . .

But women did have a hand in Man's greatest invention: speech. Co-creators of the patterned sounds that made it possible for things to be talked about, recognized, resurrected from absence, women were—then as now—communications experts.

Looking into the question of whether there exist scientific tests to measure the presence and degree of femininity in personality, you find women's trait of verbalness confirmed. "Femininity is correlated *negatively* with the personality trait of rigidity. Femininity is correlated *negatively* with a preference for symmetry. But femininity proves to be *positively* associated with verbal fluency." . . . Something called the Welsch Completion of Drawing Tests establishes these correlations. But are there psychological tests to measure the *exact* quantity and quality of woman-stuff in the psyche? Anything comparable to, say, a blood-count reading? Not really. Masculinity versus femininity is elusive; there are no precision instruments to specify the psychic differences—but what the available tests do reveal alarms the unsophisticated mind. For example, a good wife, good mother, good member of the human race, may prove to have a strong streak of the masculine in her mind (and it may be to this streak she owes her stability). . . . A creative man—a man sound in his masculinity, and because he *is* creative, presumably an exciting man to have in one's life—tests out this way: "Sublimated femininity within a sense of masculine identity, plus discipline and organization." . . . Well?

"*In human beings pure masculinity or femininity is not to be found either in a psychological or a biological sense. Every individual on the contrary displays a mixture of the character-traits belonging to his own and the opposite sex, and he shows a combination of activity and passivity whether or not these last character-traits tally with his biological ones.*"—Freud. Freud and, as far as you're able to discover, every other scientist inquiring into the masculine-feminine quotient in human beings.

Every human being—Lady Hamilton and Admiral Nelson; Dr. Einstein and Madame Curie; the boy and pants-suited girl whom you saw in attractive rapport—every creature is an admixture of masculinity and femininity. And this goes for every man, woman, and child participating in Santa Vittoria's warming *passeggiata.*

"People have got to accept this. People have got to realize they're admixtures, with a biological tendency one way or another. But when they hear this, they *hate* it. They react as though they'd just heard they had some loathesome disease," the psychoanalyst tells you. But it is this admixture's presence and mobility that makes us interesting and original. And makes flexibility both necessary and fascinating. . . . If it's true that love is "a magnificent transaction of minds and bodies," then clearly it is a transaction involving total adaptability. A transaction between *individuals.* . . .

If an individual, biologically female, were going to improve her life by improving both as an individual and as a female, what corrections in attitude would be recommended? That's the next question you put to the psychoanalyst. "To slightly manipulate a quote from Freud, it would be a reclamation work, like draining the Zuyder Zee," she replies. A good deal of sludge has to be dealt with if we are to make way for something

new and healthier. . . . For instance, the essence of femininity is giving. Giving and loving. And what stands in its way, nine times out of ten, is pure infantilism. It is tragic when all a woman wants to do is repeat her babyhood. When she thinks of her husband, and indeed of the world, as existing only to fulfill her wants and needs. When, because of that infantilism—which she may express on many levels, and with a slyness which she probably thinks is adorably feminine—she is unable to endure frustrations. . . .

"A loving, mature, bona fide feminine woman today must learn to endure frustrations in the interest of the other person's well-being. She has to trust and be trustworthy. She has to realize how very difficult it is today to be a man; how really impossible it is for a man to fill an antiquated image of the red-blooded hunter. . . . She has to realize that energy levels vary; they have been observed to be as individual as bone-structure." . . . And she therefore has to be capable of loving not an infantile image of her own devising, but an *individual* with whom she has contracted a companionship that has relevance to reality today. . . . "That any woman can do this is a marvel, but what a wonderful thing to do with a life," sighs the psychoanalyst. . . .

FOOTNOTE: Books occasionally or repeatedly referred to were: Norman O. Brown, *Love's Body*. Nevitt Sanford, *Self and Society*. The British Council of Churches' pamphlet, *Sex and Morality*. Michael Girsdansky, *The Adventure of Language*. . . . In addition, several busy New York physicians gave counsel generously. . . . The entire psychological profile, therefore much of the article, was based on views held by Dr. Marjorie Taggart White, a New York psychoanalyst.

## *Diana Phipps*

(Continued from page 133)

spends much time with her daughter, Alexandra, who's pretty, seven years old, and the image of her father. A beautiful turned-up nose, blue eyes—she looks definitely Anglo-Saxon and is very bright. There is, too, a dog like those of the Windsors' —with its eyes popping out. But Mrs. Phipps's has only one eye. A one-eyed pug.

During the day Diana Phipps likes to wear pants, "as I am always straddling ladders and pouring paint over myself." Her house is never finished. There is always a bit of braid hanging off a cornice, because she didn't buy enough. She never measures, just buys a lump of braid or material; then if it runs out, she finishes off by "cheating" with painting in later. She marbleizes walls and mantelpieces, and now wants to repaint the front hall.

That is one reason why she dislikes going away for weekends. "I *hate* the country, absolutely loathe it. Everything I like doing I can't transport with me. I can't take a curtain to sew and I never know what book I am going to feel like reading. It depends on one's mood, and one can't go looking for books in the middle of the night in someone else's house. I find it very strenuous, too, being forced to go on long walks."

Diana Phipps has a talent for doing things with her hands. She sometimes makes her own dresses, or anything for the house. Every length of material covering the walls has been put there by Mrs. Phipps and her staple gun. Her sitting room is like a tent—she did it all herself.

The most amusing and imaginative room in the house is an amazing bathroom off the guest room. It is tiny and looks like a small living room with a big flowered couch and a small flowered chair. Under the chair cushion there's the w.c., and hidden in the couch, a tub. The guest room is planned around a grand piano, which is lower than the bed, and can be used as a table. Who else would have thought of something like that? Marvellous.

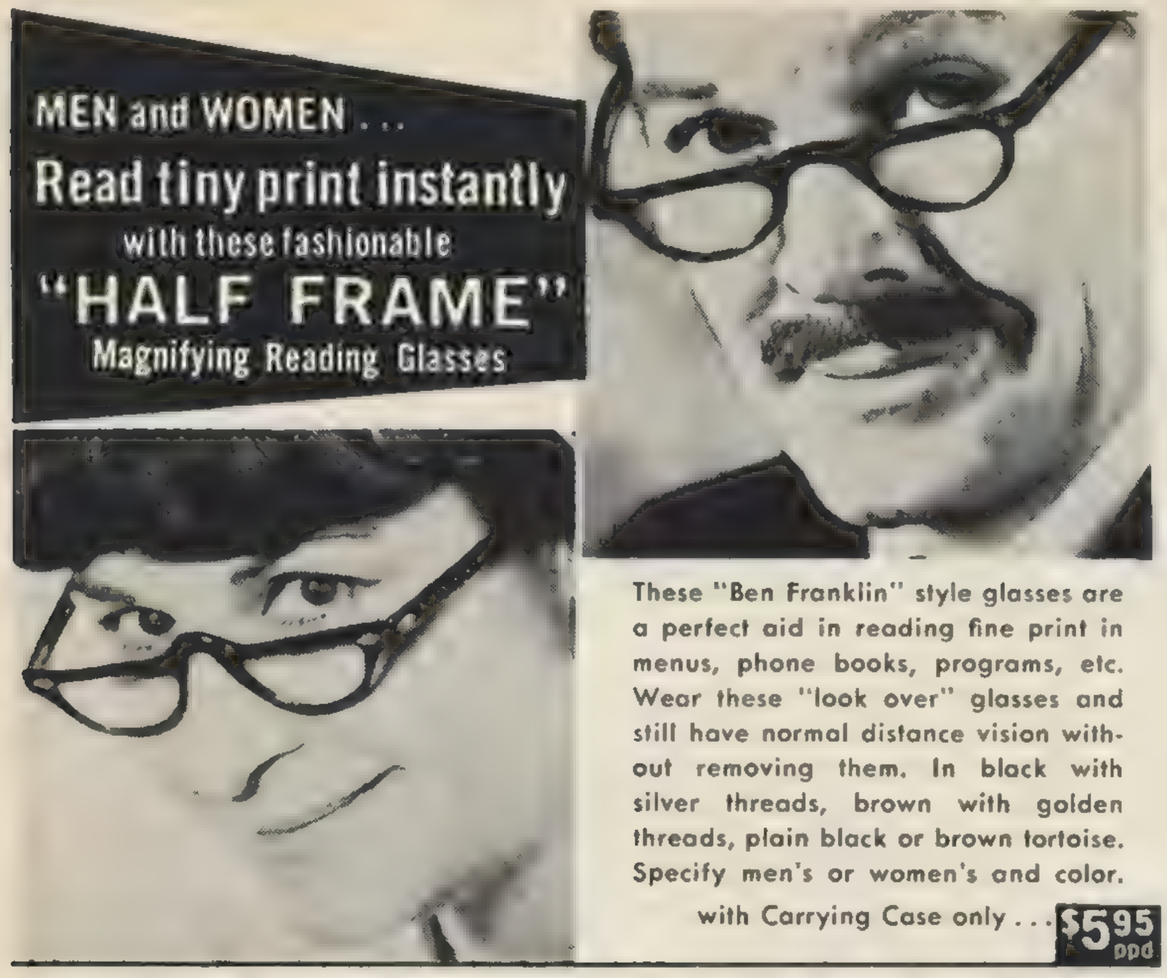
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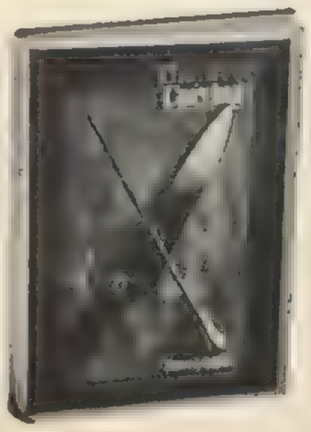
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# HOUND



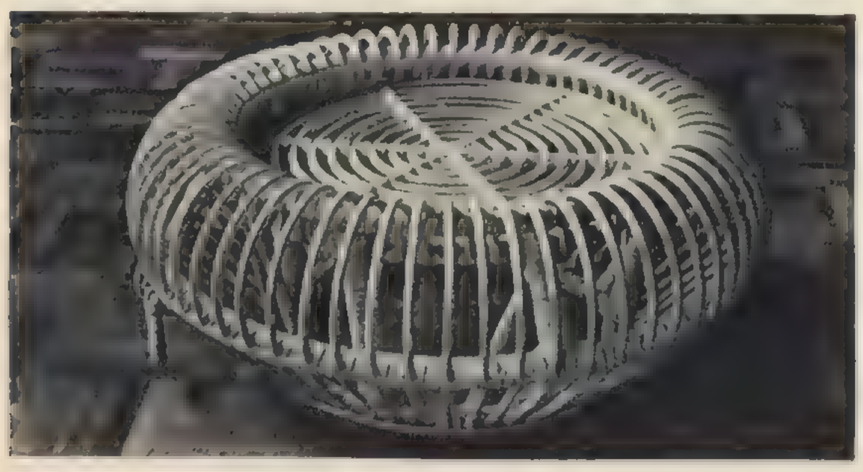
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## *Grand Prix*

(Continued from page 113)

announcement that, as the basis of his movie, Sturges had bought my book, *The Cruel Sport,* appeared in *Variety* before the deal was signed and on a day when, unfortunately, I was sitting on the edge of Frankenheimer's pool discussing such a sale with him. So Frankenheimer bought my book, and lawyers were hastily engaged all around.

Next, Frankenheimer signed contracts with Monte Carlo, the Nürburgring, and other circuits. When Sturges then filmed the 1965 German Grand Prix at the Nürburgring to use as background for *his* movie, Frankenheimer went to court in Bonn and had Sturges's film impounded. However, Sturges's German lawyers later beat Frankenheimer's German lawyers with ease and got their film back.

Next, both directors tried to hire *all* the leading racing drivers to use as extras, and each got about half of them, generally at prices higher than either wanted to pay. Next, certain constructors threatened to sue Sturges if he used their racing cars on screen. Sturges was legally clear, for he planned to use real racing cars which he owned outright. But he suggested the constructor sue Frankenheimer, who was using old Formula III cars fitted (at the cost of some $300,000) with fibre-glass hulls exactly resembling the 1966 racing cars. Frankenheimer in effect was using models, trading on the racing marques without permission, and Sturges told the constructors they had a real case against Frankenheimer, and sent them off to sue him right away.

So by mid-May suits were dropping on Frankenheimer from every side, including the one promised by Voorzanger. But Frankenheimer's chief thought all this time was to beat the Sturges-McQueen-Purdy film into the theatres. The *Grand Prix* crew went weeks without a day off. Frankenheimer, thirty-six years old, drove them hard but himself harder; he is a fantastic worker.

On a day off, Garner, who has the body (and also the outlook on life) of the professional baseball player he once thought to become, shot a sixty-nine on the Monte Carlo golf course. Brian Bedford negotiated to purchase a Vlaminck for $9,000—the sale fell through—and another star, Yves Montand, invited the cast to a party at Saint-Paul-de-Vence, where he and his wife Simone Signoret live when on the Riviera.

Garner and the other actors had attended racing driver schools, principally Jim Russell's school in England. Garner, the athlete, learned quickly and easily; Bedford, the accomplished actor, was never at ease in the racing car, but admitted this and was able to control it and himself; Antonio Sabato, the Sicilian actor who plays (as does Montand) a Ferrari driver, was constantly being mastered by the car, and unable to start it or shift it or turn it. Montand was, at first, terrified by his fake Ferrari because, in his first few days in it, it once spun wildly off the road and once caught fire. But later Montand got to like the car and was always offering to drive it in some scene when a real racing driver could have done so just as well. "It's the doublement de la personalité," he explained half in French, half in English. "When I am Yves Montand, I am not happy in the car, but when I am Jean-Paul Sarti, the Ferrari driver, I am happy. How you explain that?"

Frankenheimer also owned various real racing cars. On these Bill Frick devised and mounted outrigger camera rigs, and Phil Hill drove one for one lap in the Belgian Grand Prix.

In this race, the second of the eight to appear in *Grand Prix,* a tremendous cloudburst halfway around the 8.3-mile circuit wrecked seven cars, four of them clouting each other. Frankenheimer's nails were down to his knuckles wondering if Hill had gotten through—if the camera car were in an accident, it would naturally be blamed for the accident. There would be colossal lawsuits and, worse, no more camera cars allowed to race. But Hill, world champion in 1961, got through, and Frankenheimer's policy of squandering money on top talent, whether he ever got his money's worth or not, had paid off.

Of course Hill's footage was no good—too much rain. Nor, for the same reason, was any good film shot by the helicopter in which the extremely imaginative cameraman John Stevens hung out over the race.

In the movie, the Belgian Grand Prix is won by Garner in a white Japanese car, and Frankenheimer had counted on the New Zealand ace Bruce McLaren to drive his white McLaren car in the race. But McLaren's racer broke down and had to be scratched. Frantically, Frankenheimer had Bob Bondurant's blue-black BRM painted white—but Bondurant, a young American, crashed on the first lap.

Frankenheimer was left with no white car in his actual race footage to splice around Garner's cinema victory. Also, Frankenheimer had already shot track footage with the actors in the cars in blinding sunlight; he would have to throw that away, too. Additionally, he had planned to have his cameramen out on the course photographing spectators all through the race; he wanted lots of shots of people eating, people sleeping, people kissing, to splice in. But in that rainstorm, nobody ate, nobody lay down in the grass to nap, and nobody kissed.

At a production meeting that Frankenheimer had invited me to attend some days before, he had remarked to his staff: "If it rains Sunday, we're dead." Well, it did, but Frankenheimer seemed to survive all right.

He is quite resourceful, meaning he is sometimes able to make something out of almost nothing, and some bad breaks turn out to be good ones. For instance, he had now seen footage of the victory ceremony of the Monaco Grand Prix, won by Montand. Prince Rainier and Princess Grace, who had presented the trophy to the real winner, Jackie Stewart of Scotland, had refused to be in the movie, so Frankenheimer had had Montand photographed in a milling mob by a hand-held camera. The cameraman was jostled so much that he cut off the top of Montand's head in many frames, and Frankenheimer was livid about this at first. But Bedford, who had seen this footage, commented that the effect of realism it gave was "bloody marvellous."

Casting for *Grand Prix* in Italy, Frankenheimer had snatched the unknown Sabato away from some other film (Frankenheimer seems invariably to go after anyone that anyone else wants). Now Sabato was having trouble with the lines, trouble with the racing car, and his part was being cut way down. Sabato, twenty-four, with thick curly hair, didn't seem to realize this. In Belgium he would sit wordlessly in a camp chair with his film girlfriend, Françoise Hardy, on his lap and a grin on his face. Miss Hardy, a French yé-yé singer who wears her hair long and straight, was the despair of Sidney Guilaroff, the hair stylist, who didn't know what to do with her. Finally he decided, he said, to have her wash her hair a week before each scene, leaving seven days for her to get "plenty of real estate" in it before going on camera.

For three weeks, Garner lodged in a small hotel called the Tros Marets in Malmedy, Belgium. There were only seven rooms: for Mifune, Garner, Sabato, Montand, Garner's friend and stand-in Louis Delgado ("I forgot my cigarettes, Louie, they're upstairs on my dresser"), and for the dialogue coach Mickey Knox, whose job was to make all those foreigners speak comprehensible English. Garner was distressed about having no one to talk to: "We come down in the morning and Montand says 'bonjour,' Sabato says 'buongiorno,' and I say 'good morning.' Mifune says something in Japanese." Then Garner said: "Europe is not for me, even though I've spent three of the last four summers in Europe making movies." Garner, born Bumgarner, is thirty-eight and says he averages two-and-a-half movies a year. The other four months he devotes to his "business interests."

"What kind of businesses are you in, Jim?" asked Bedford, who is thirty-one and has already played Hamlet in England.

"Oh," said Garner modestly, "I have some oil wells, some

apartment houses, a chain of garages, an electronics company, I'm president of a bank. . . ."

Bedford nodded.

The setup at the Tros Marets, three "drivers" and one "owner" who represent four nationalities and are unable to talk to each other, is fairly common in car racing. It is a situation pregnant with unspoken tensions and thus potentially dramatic. But it is also subtle. There are no subtleties in *Grand Prix.*

William Hanley, the playwright, regretted that he had been brought in too late to invent his own characters and situations. He was stuck with what was already there and could do nothing but add quantities of sparkling dialogue.

He told of small incidents he had observed since joining the film at Monte Carlo. He had seen the English racing driver Graham Hill spin to a stop against the guardrail during the race: "His head jerked around as he looked up the road to see who might be going to slam into him. You could almost see the sudden fear in his eyes." Hanley said this incident told him more of what racing was about than anything else, and such scenes ought to be in the film.

"Have you told Frankenheimer this?" asked Hanley's wife, Pat. Hanley shook his head. "John's not interested in drivers' faces. All he's interested in is filling the screen with speeding race cars."

Even more than that, Frankenheimer was interested in beating the other film into the movie houses, and in mid-June this became assured. McQueen, still not finished with *The Sand Pebble* in Hong Kong, fell ill, and Warner Brothers summarily cancelled the Sturges-McQueen-Purdy racing film. When news of this reached Frankenheimer, he appeared to go into a state very close to euphoria. He laughed, he talked, he was drunk with it. *Grand Prix* became a very pleasant film to be around.

Anyway, Garner in the Japanese car wins in Belgium and, later in Italy, he wins the world championship, and this is Frankenheimer hedging his bets. Though he talks of "truth" and "accuracy" and even "art" when discussing what he is trying to do, Frankenheimer had told me beside his pool that first day that Japan was the second biggest movie market in the world, and he wanted a part for Mifune, a million-dollar box-office name in Japan, written into *Grand Prix.* Mifune speaks little English, and until October of 1965 no Japanese car had ever won a single race (there is still no second victory), but from the start Frankenheimer wanted his script to end in what would be considered, in Japan, a big box-office Japanese victory. Since there is an American driver (Garner) in the winning car, the first biggest market will take this as an American victory—and all bets are nicely hedged.

When the Belgian race was over, John Surtees, the actual winner, was quickly hustled off the victory balcony, and Garner, who had a bouquet around his neck, now plucked flowers out of it, as Surtees had so happily and spontaneously done moments before, and flung them down on the crowd. I was in the crowd and heard a good many Belgians trying to decide what Garner's name was; he is apparently not well-known in Europe, even though in Hollywood he is offered two hundred scripts a year. But later in the pits' parking lot, he was surrounded by autograph hounds—they must have decided by then that he was indeed Somebody. It was the first time I had seen him so besieged since the picture began, and he looked relieved and happy as he signed on and on.

There remained one important scene to make in Belgium, and Milt Rice got his compressed-air gun ready once again. This time he had to shoot Montand's Ferrari into a house, where it massacres some children but not Montand. Montand's own demise is reserved for the Italian Grand Prix, the final race of the film, where for the fourth time Milt Rice would go into action. The picture ends on this note: The French Montand dead in Italy, and smoke drifting up above the course. Since Italy and France have such a nice sense of tragedy (no hero lives as long there as a dead hero), this is still another way of hedging bets.


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**About The Author:**
**DR. MORTON B. GLENN**

Dr. Glenn is president of the American College of Nutrition. He has served as medical consultant to the U.N. and as President of the Food and Nutrition Council of Greater New York.

This advertisement pulls no punches. It offers you no impossible dreams. It simply gives you a set of facts about permanent reducing—about taking off weight and NEVER putting it on again—that, though they are demanding, are also so thrilling that they may be hard to believe at first.

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*If you follow this Final Diet, you will lose as much weight as you want . . . you will lose 20-40-60-80 — even 100 pounds . . . and never gain an ounce of it back.*

We are going to repeat this statemen of fact, over and over again throughout this advertisement, so you can never lose sight of it.

*If you follow this Final Diet, you will lose 20-40-60-80 — even 100 pounds, and never gain an ounce of it back.*

This is the essential fact. Now let us go on with the details—

Let us introduce this puzzling fact right at the beginning.

What you are about to be given in this book is a strict and precise diet—which carefully and scientifically controls your every eating moment—*but which has the surprising result of making many of your weight-loss problems far less difficult than you ever dreamed they could be!*

**MEDICALLY PROVEN ON THOUSANDS OF PATIENTS. IT WILL GIVE YOU A NEW FIGURE AND A NEW LIFE—IF YOU FOLLOW IT SO RELIGIOUSLY THAT YOU EVEN EAT WHEN IT SAYS TO EAT EVEN IF YOU DON'T FEEL HUNGRY!**

Here are a few examples of the "pleasant surprises" you will find throughout this book:

Although, of course, this diet forces you to eat less food overall, it may actually force you to eat MORE food at certain times of the day. For example, if you are like most over-weight people, you are simply going to have to eat MORE for breakfast, whether you want it or not. And this diet allows you OVER THIRTY different kinds of snacks — one between every meal, and one every night before you go to bed.

*There is no longer any need to try to STARVE yourself into a weight loss. Because, when you follow this Final Diet, you will quite normally lose 20-40-60-80—even 100 pounds a year — and never gain a single ounce of it back.*

Certain foods, of course, are omitted. But certain other, surprising foods are quite actively included. For example, you are allowed ice cream up to three times a week. (Watch your friends' eyes pop open with astonishment when they see you eating that delicious ice cream dessert—and STILL shedding inches and pounds!)

And, at the same time, you'll have sandwiches for lunch, and, if you wish a cocktail before dinner and wine with it. In other words, there's no punishment in this diet — only scientific eating.

And—very important—if you make a mistake one day (as this doctor KNOWS you're going to make mistakes), and over-eat, then he simply does NOT permit you to cut back on your food the next day to "make up" for it! This is the fatal mistake most dieters make that destroys their diet. Instead, he forces you to eat YOUR FULL DIET the next day, and forgive yourself, and go on losing weight.

**IS YOUR WEIGHT UNEVENLY DISTRIBUTED? ARE YOU AFRAID THAT DIETING WILL MAKE YOUR FACE LOOK OLDER? DO YOU HABITUALLY OVER-EAT AT PARTIES? THEN HERE AT LAST ARE MEDICAL SOLUTIONS TO EACH OF THESE PROBLEMS.**

*And—to repeat again—when you follow this Final Diet, you will lose exactly as much weight as you wish . . . you will lose 20-40-60-80 — even 100 pounds . . . you will never gain an ounce of it back.*

Now let us examine some of the quite remarkable side effects of this diet—documented bonus-benefits that no crash-diet on earth, for example, could ever get you.

In the first place, because of the scientific nature of this diet, it has proven—in case after case—*to be of special help to men and women whose excess fat is primarily on or below the waist.*

Secondly, because this diet is NOT a crash diet, NOT a torture diet, it does NOT cause the skin of your face to collapse, wrinkle and furrow in that terrible way that crash diets so often do.

*On the contrary, if you follow this Final Diet precisely, your face will look younger from almost the very first week. And you will lose exactly as much weight as you wish . . . you will lose 20-40-60-80 — even 100 pounds . . . you will never gain an ounce of it back.*

And you will be able to lose this weight, and keep it off, despite the parties you attend—despite the business or club lunches and dinners—despite all the "social eating and drinking" everyone of us must do, every week of our lives!

Because this is the first diet you have ever seen that gives you specific techniques for dealing with each one of these "food traps". That allows you to satisfy yourself AND your diet AND your companions—without calling the slightest attention to the fact that you are dieting, and by actually allowing you to SEEM to eat and drink as much as they are, when you are really LOSING POUNDS AND INCHES at the very same moment that they are gaining them!

*Yes, even if you attend another business lunch, every day of the week, when you follow this Final Diet, you will lose exactly as much weight as you wish . . . you will lose 20-40-60-80 — even 100 pounds . . . you will never gain an ounce of it back.*

In Fact—

**MANY PATIENTS FOUND THIS APPROACH SO EFFECTIVE THAT THEY LOST TWICE AS MUCH WEIGHT AS THEY HAD ORIGINALLY HOPED TO! HERE'S HOW THEY KEPT THAT WEIGHT OFF. AND WHY YOU WILL TOO.**

The proof of this diet, of course, is in the results it produces for YOU. That is why we allow you to read it from cover to cover AT OUR RISK, and why you can try it for thirty full days thereafter without gambling a penny.

Let us make this perfectly clear: The first thing you do when you receive this book, is write down the exact amount of weight you want to lose, right inside it. This may be 10 pounds — 20 pounds — 40 pounds or more. It makes no difference.

Then, that same day, you begin the diet. But with THIS thought:

Every one of the thousands of successful patients who have traveled this road before you, have written down the figure that they wanted to lose. But once they got started—once they learned these new eating habits —many of them simply went FAR BEYOND the weight-loss figure they had first thought would be "perfection" for them!

For example, one woman patient wanted to lose 10 pounds, and be as thin as she was five years before. But as the diet developed, and the fat melted away from her body, she decided to GO ON and lose 20 pounds, and be as slim as she was on the first day she was married!

Why did these patients decide to lose more, and more, and even more weight? FOR THE VERY SAME REASON THAT THEY DID NOT PUT THIS WEIGHT BACK ON AGAIN! Because by following this diet precisely, these men and women LEARNED NEW EATING HABITS. They literally retrained their appetites! They destroyed the fat-causing food patterns that had kept them overweight for years!

This was by no means easy—but they did it, and you can do it too! *And once you have done it, it will be practically impossible for you to eat in the same old fat-causing way that you are eating today!*

*Once you follow this Final Diet precisely . . . once you put yourself on the road to making these scientific new eating habits your guides to health and beauty . . . then you will lose exactly as much weight as you wish . . . you will lose 20-40-60-80—even 100 pounds . . . you will never gain an ounce of it back.*

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- **The incredibly simple secret of making the same amount of food seem TWICE as much. See page 20.**
- **The only effective way to handle tension-eating. See page 22.**
- **How to deal with the extra, after-meal stimulation you need if you've just stopped smoking. In other words, how to stop smoking without gaining weight. See page 25.**
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